No. 2394.—Vol. 93. April 13, 1907.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER

AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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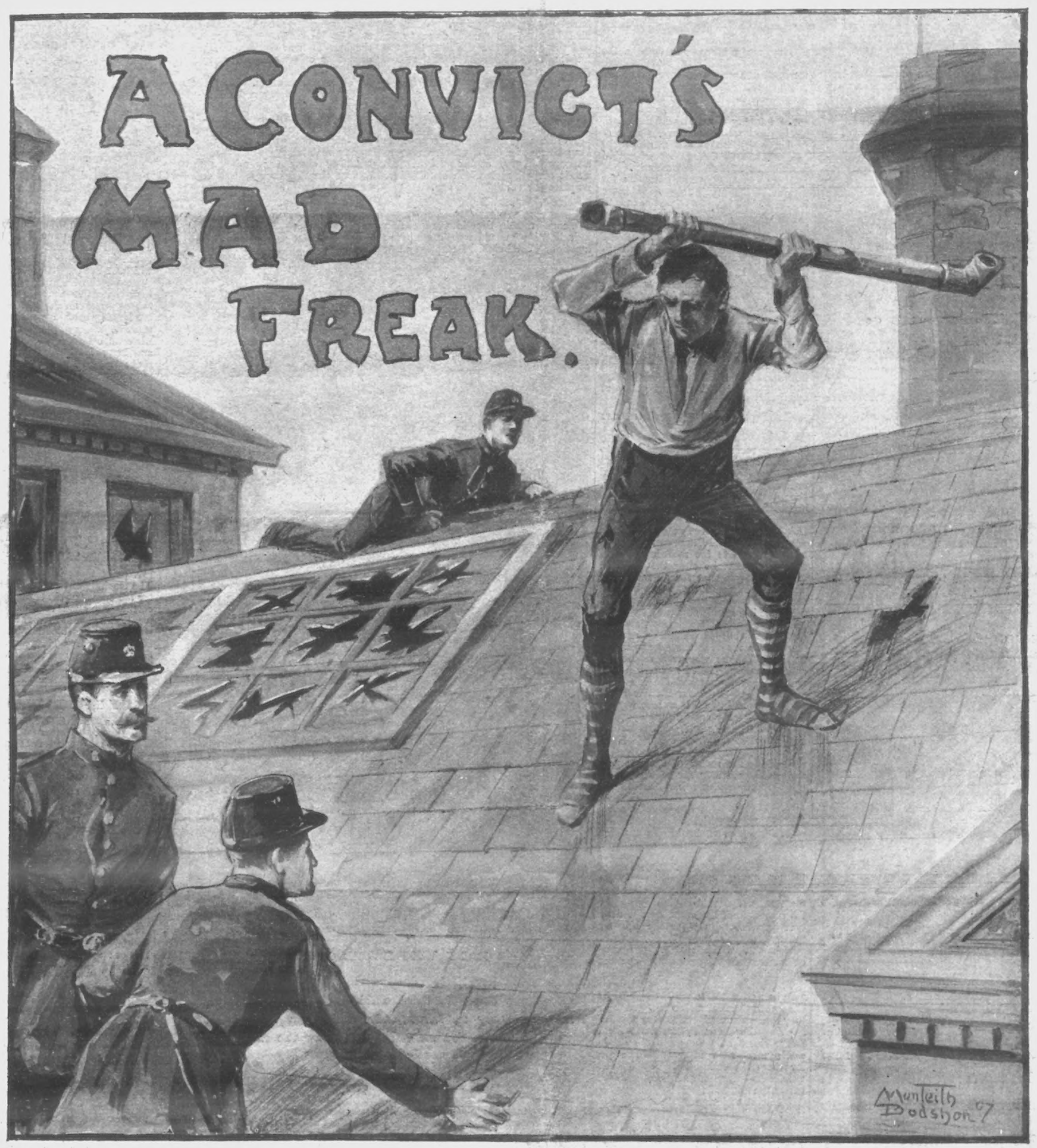

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TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

Should Capital Punishment be Abolished?

FOR.

HOW many of those who cling to the barbaric belief that the fate of the murderer should be death by the hand of man realise the true significance of capital punishment?

The majority regard hanging as an act of retaliation and vengeance: they would exterminate a human life through the same instinct which leads them to crush the body of a poisonous insect that has stung them. They argue that because a murderer is a pest to society he must be killed; and the ghoulish, antiquated act of hanging a man by the neck until he is dead satisfies a savage sense of justice which we cannot attribute for one moment to the system of capital punishment in a civilised country.

The same law governs execution for murder at the present day as in those times in which it was a capital offence to commit a theft. The man who stole a sheep was strung up in public that all might see the awful example of the punishment which awaited the wrong-doer. Earlier still, the bones of criminals dangled in chains at convenient points on the highway, to warn all who were tempted of what they might expect.

Refinement and education have left us as the survival of this practice only the supreme penalty for murder; and they now bring us to confront the question whether we can continue to regard a system of punishment so far removed from the highest principles of civilisation without feeling that we are guilty of permitting

A Blot on Justice in its Noblest Sense.

We have recently had brought home to us with convincing force the fact that capital punishment, with its terrible and inflexible principle of a life for a life, cannot discriminate, as the law discriminates in all its other branches, between degrees of crime. Overwhelming civil influence has once more stepped in where the Criminal Court was powerless to move, and to the meanest comprehension it must be clear that it is not logical to argue that for all men alike who take human life there is but one sentence.

As the law stands at present, when a man is on his trial for murder, and the evidence of guilt is irrefutable, no worse fate awaits the foul-hearted slayer and betrayer than he who, in a moment of sudden passion, goaded we know not by what provocation, takes the life of a fellow-being. Trial for murder as at present constituted is a mockery of justice, and until capital punishment is abolished it will remain a slur on our administration of justice.

Without pleading that hanging is repulsive to the minds of civilised men and women, we may ask of what use is it to destroy another life because one has been sacrificed? What is the fear of death in the heart of the wilful murderer compared with the haunting dread of lifelong imprisonment? Is it not a well-established fact that condemned men welcome the release which execution brings them rather than the thought of the living death of the convict? Even those who take the point of view that the murderer should endure agony for the expiation of his crime cannot deny that penal servitude for life has far greater terrors for the guilty than capital punishment, which permits the condemned man bodily and mental comfort until he steps to the gallows.

Those who have suffered penal servitude and given to the world the story of the fearful physical and mental anguish they have endured, who have told of hopeless despair which has made them fear madness, of the torture of solitude and silence—such as these have longed for the swift end of the condemned murderer — aye, envied him. Place before the mind of the man with murder in his heart such a prospect as this, and more will be done to deter him than can ever be accomplished by the knowledge that, no matter how atrocious his crime, at the worst, as he callously declares, he will have to "swing for it."

Capital Punishment has not Stopped Murder

as flogging put down garrotting. As the supreme penalty, it is not only inadequate, it is uncivilised, clumsy, and unworthy of any intelligent race, while it places in human hands the grave responsibility of taking life and anticipating the Supreme Tribunal before which alone the heart of man will be laid bare, and judgment meted out to him in accordance with the measure of his crime in the eyes of God.

Capital punishment shuts the door upon the hopes of the innocent who have been found guilty. With its abolishment there would come to an end the ever-present possibility that too late it might be discovered that the life of a guiltless man had been taken through some miscarriage of justice, which only accident or the passage of time could reveal.

Revolting to the Christian spirit, lacking in the true object for which the law ordains punishment, it cannot be long before the whole country rises to a recognition that capital punishment is a relic of barbarism which should have no place in an enlightened age.

AGAINST.

We must remain firm in warfare, firm in justice, if we would remain strong as a nation. Undisciplined emotion must not be allowed to degenerate us into a race that weeps over its criminals because we find sentimental extenuating circumstances that appeal to the more hysterical and lachrymose side of our composition.

Sentiment is all very well in its way, but it is as out of place, as harmful and potential for danger in the case of the trial of a life for a life as it would be in the operating-theatre of a hospital. "For he shall have judgment without mercy, that hath showed no mercy," says the Bible. It is with this inexorable law before us that we must deal with those who outrage nature and divine rule by breaking God's Commandments.

Those who periodically make an outcry against capital punishment on the plea that it offers no distinction between the circumstances under which murder is committed, and takes no heed of the individuality of the criminal, are practically introducing the theory that murder may be justifiable. They are opening the door to a new aspect of crime that cannot be otherwise than fraught with incalculable danger to the safety of the life of every one of us. Offer the suggestion that murder under extenuating circumstances may pass unpunished by sentence of death, and tainted brains will work and scheme how they may kill and cheat the gallows. It is only by stoutly maintaining the belief that the hand of every right-minded man is against the murderer that crime is held in check.

Pity has No Place Here.

Our eyes and our ears must be closed to everything but the proof of innocence or guilt, and when judge and jury, with the gravest of all responsibilities upon their shoulders, have found that the accused has forfeited his right to live in the sight of God and man, nothing must stay the fulfilment of the extreme penalty.

Those who are opposed to capital punishment fail altogether to recognise the fact that it means far more than the removal from the world of those who have committed a capital crime. They cannot, or will not, see that the solemnity of condemnation and execution brings home to the transgressor on the brink of death a deeper and truer understanding of his sin than would come to him through prison routine.

Christian belief calls for the expiation of our sins, and with capital punishment we lead those whose hands are stained with the blood of their fellow-creatures to make the greatest of all earthly atonements. St. Augustine has said, "No punishment; how great a punishment!" And is there any punishment that even the sentimentalist could name, which is more merciful or better calculated to help the murderer to purge his soul, than that of death?

Those who talk at random of the "refined cruelty" of our system of capital punishment, and the "vulgar brutality" of hanging, would condemn the criminal to life-long confinement which brutalises, dulls, or drives to insanity. What feeling of humanity, what refining, cleansing influence, are we to believe would be brought about by a revolution in our criminal laws which would condemn the murderer, who has forfeited his right to live with his fellow beings, to drag out his years in confinement?

Is This Mercy?

Does such a proposition show the way to the fulfilment of justice in its noblest sense? Surely the advocates of the abolition of capital punishment, while gratifying their own sentimental objections, have failed to turn their thoughts to a consideration not only of the effect which its removal would have on potential criminals, but on the murderers whose lives they would spare.

The true issue of the matter is missed equally by those who point to the words, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." They will not admit the difference between justice on earth and that before which we are taught to believe we shall come on the Day of Judgment. It is their contention that we are exceeding those powers which God has placed in our hands when we constitute ourselves supreme judges of the acts of man. But when we condemn a criminal to death and hang him, we do not judge his soul: we deal with his earthly being, his mortal conduct, and the account he has rendered of his services among us.

If we are to allow that man has no divine sanction to sit in judgment upon the slayer, we must admit that all offences to which the flesh is heir must go unpunished until the hereafter, when the evil-doers shall go away into everlasting punishment and the righteous into life eternal.

But the law of a life for a life is the law of heaven entrusted to the understanding of man. The Bible does not teach us that we should allow the murderer to go unpunished; that we should shrink, as it were, from anticipating the vengeance of the Lord. Upon this point there is no doubt whatever. The teaching of the Book of God is that for the crimes of the earth there shall be earthly expiation and earthly punishment. The words are written: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed." How can humanity or civilisation outgrow this law or defy it by the abolition of capital punishment?

THE BABY WHO SAVED A MAN'S LIFE.

There can be little doubt that the expected birth of Mrs. Horace Rayner's third child did much to influence the Home Secretary in favour of granting a reprieve, and so saved the condemned man from suffering the extreme penalty of the law.

HOOLIGANISM IN GLASGOW.

LAWLESSNESS prevails in Glasgow. Gangs of roughs are making themselves a terror to peaceable citizens both night and day. They have even gone so far as to hold up shops.

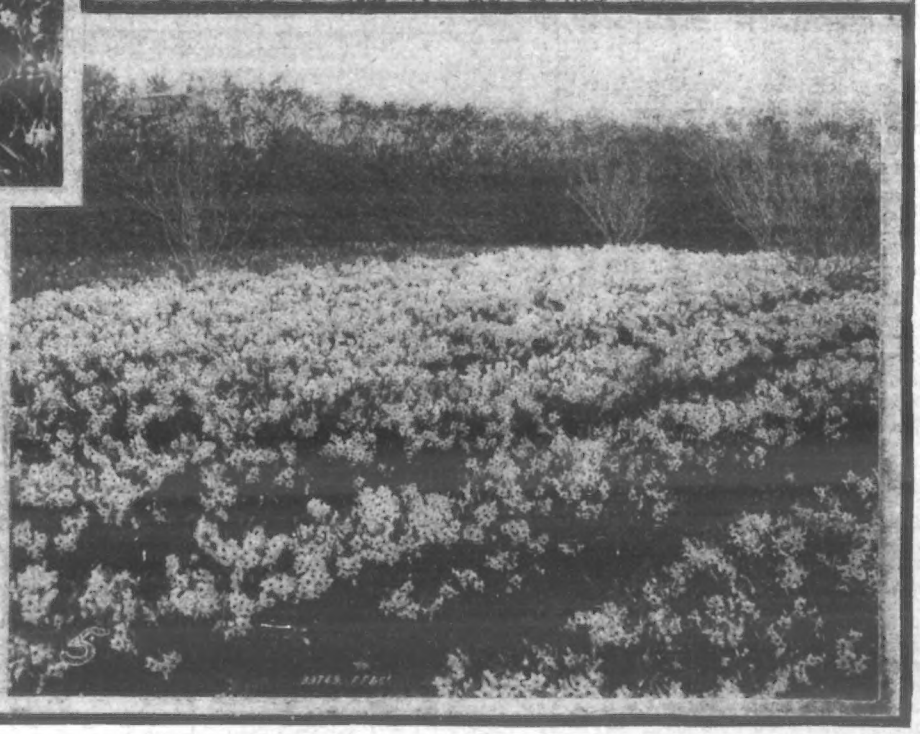
"I have known a tobacconist's shop held up for an entire evening," said one shopkeeper to a newspaper representative, "simply because the proprietor refused to supply free cigarettes to a number of 'corner boys.' The method is to stand round the door and by disorderly conduct prevent anyone from entering the shop until, in despair and fear of worse happening, the harassed shopkeeper at last complies with their demands." The proprietor of a grocery store who appeared as a witness against a member of one gang, who was fined some time ago, relates: "No sooner had I got back to my shop from the court than a number of the accused's friends came in and threatened to wreck the shop unless I contributed towards the fine. Did I contribute? Well, yes; it was the cheapest way for me in the long run."

Hardly a day passes without several members of the different gangs being brought before the magistrates, charged with serious assaults upon police and public, and great indignation is felt at the failure of the authorities to stop the lawlessness, which threatens to assume an even more serious aspect.

SHORT WAY WITH SUFFRAGETTES.

I believe that if the magistrate had power to sentence all brawling women to be clipped the Suffragette trouble would be at an end. No woman, aware that if she made herself a nuisance she would emerge from the police-court bald as an egg, would dream of becoming a hooliganess.—Frank Richardson, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE ISLAND OF FLOWERS



Photos. Frith

A FLOWERY SPOT IN THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

At this time of the year beautiful flowers abound in the shops of England, but most of them are grown beyond our coasts. The Scilly Islands, especially, supply our markets with flowers, their climate being always mild, and at times almost tropical, a proof of which can be seen in photo. 2. which shows a hedge of aloes in flower. There is more tropical foliage in No. 3, while in 1 and 5 are shown great plains of flowers in full bloom. No. 4 depicts one of the old-world stone-built homesteads to be found in the islands.

MISS DESPERADO

BY HENRY T. JOHNSON

CHAPTER VII.—(*Continued.*)

"HOW do you like Miss Jerningham?" Felicia asked her brother, returning to the little sitting-room.

"*Like* her?" He laid such contemptuous stress on the word that his sister looked up sharply and suspiciously. "I think she's divine. She's—well, she looks just the part—the heiress of an ancient house, the lady of a noble domain. Ah!"

And, with a sigh, he found himself still wishing—had she only been a dairy-maid all the world had then been sunshine. Then he found his mind running persistently on the stories, more or less exaggerated, of the fortunes made as if by magic by some lucky men and women with the books or plays that caught on, which everybody had to read or see or be outside the pale of Christendom. Rat-tat! A letter—two letters, one bearing the stamp of a great publishing house, the other covered with advertisements of tooth-powders, hair-washes, motor-cars, with one magic line across—"The Kingsway Theatre." His heart gave a leap. Had Fortune come as in the fairy tales, obedient to a wish? He tore open the first. Alas, it was an intimation that the eminent firm's engagements were complete for so long ahead that they regretted they could not entertain his manuscript, which they were returning accordingly by parcel-post. Less hastily he opened the second, read once more the old disheartening story. The management had read with great interest his one-act play, and regretted that it did not suit their requirements, and were forwarding it under separate cover.

"Poor Felix," said the gentlest of sisters, laying her cheek against his arm, "how stupid they are not to let you make their fortunes. Never mind, somebody wise enough will come along in time."

"I suppose so, old girlie," he laughed cheerily, relighting his briar. "The tide will turn some day."

Yes, he knew the tide would turn at last, meant to wait for it, and by strength of heart and will and brain be borne upon its flood to fortune. But somehow just then he found his mind running less upon the castles he was building, not all in air, than upon a pair of wondrous eyes, and he was whispering, not that the tide would turn, but that he wished she of the starry eyes had been a dairy-maid.

CHAPTER VIII.

Harker, the land agent, carrying his books into the library for the weekly inspection, eyed his new mistress with a baleful eye. But he omitted to observe that, although her back was turned, the circular mirror on the oak wainscot close to the window afforded her a reflected view of the room behind her.

Mrs. Jerningham, or, as he named her, "the old cat," had been troublesome enough at times to deal with, but she had left his accounts mostly to the Squire, who had no particular genius for figures, and he accounted it to her credit that "the old cat" would have been the last to interpose between him and any tenant in arrears, and in the case of a poacher caught red-handed, she would have added a little invective of her own.

But this one, whom he had already named "the young cat," had presumed further than even the Squire could have done, and he had been a bit too easy with "poachers and such vermin." Harker had had his knife to the hilt in Bob Wattles for a reason that Bob never suspected, and which Scarth himself would have vehemently repudiated. But, as a matter of fact, Susie Wattles, the partner of Bob's fears, joys, and many sorrows, had proved as oblivious of Eli Harker's admiration as she was buxom and comely. He had longed, watched and waited for a chance to put Master Bob away, and when at last that chance had arrived, "the young cat" had spoiled his game.

Though the snarl on the ferret-face gave way to a servile smirk, Harker could not quite suppress a note of supercilious complacency as he placed the house-books on his young mistress's table, for he was cheering himself with the reflection that he had held his own with "the old cat," crafty and suspicious as she was; ergo, to outwit the young one should be child's play.

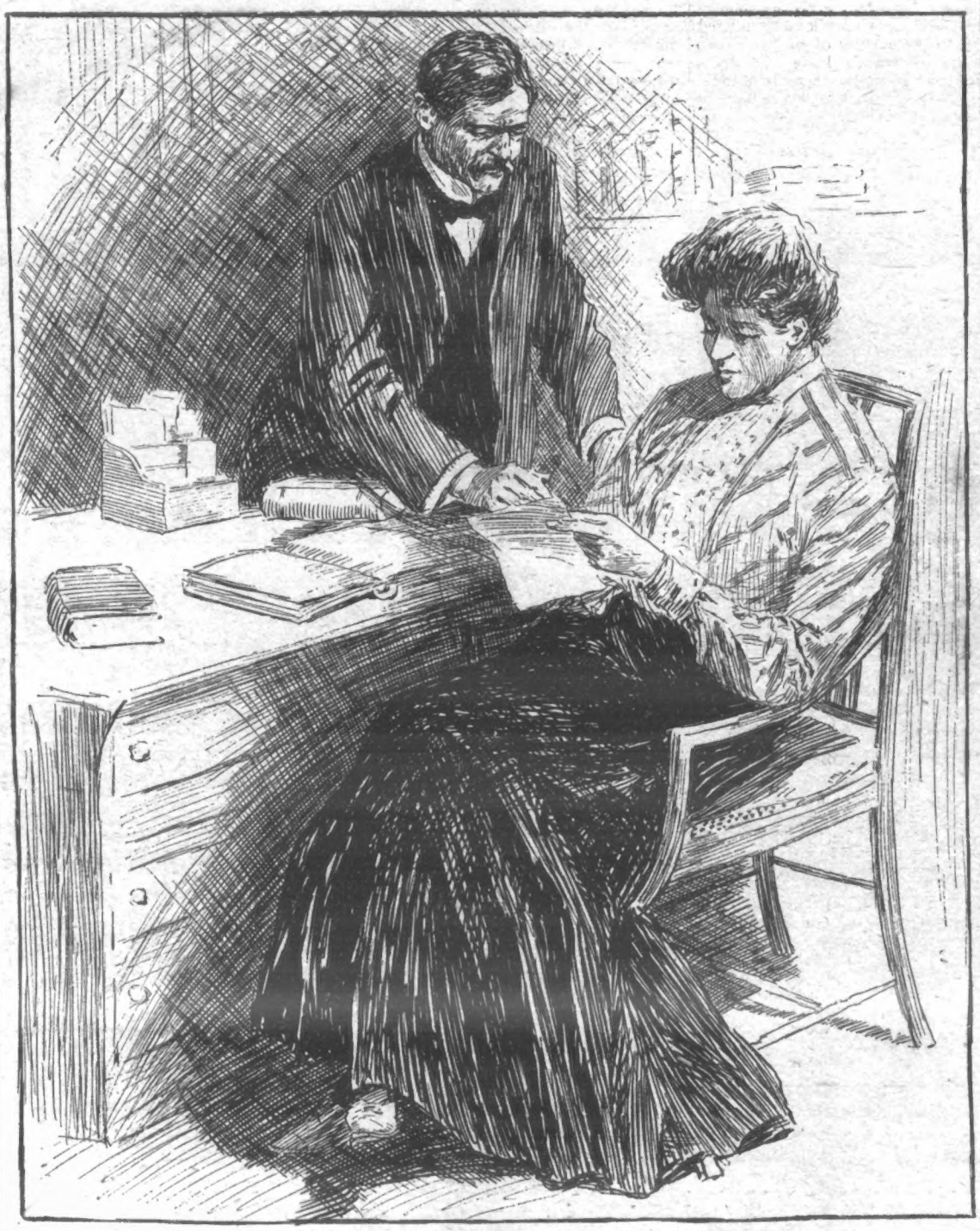
"The fortnightly house-accounts, I suppose," said his mistress. "My, what a heap of them!"

"Yes, Miss," the steward answered; "but they're not so heavy as they look. They're all in a nutshell in this general summary."

The girl puckered her brows as she scanned the schedule purporting to be a concise *résumé* of the various disbursements, and so on, which had been sufficient for Mrs. Jerningham and for her late husband.

"This seems quite satisfactory," she said, "so far as it goes. And, of course, the books substantiate all these amounts?"

"Oh, yes, that's all right," he said, and something in his tone caused the girl to look up inquiringly from under her contracted brows.



"Why, what is this?" she said slowly. "This bill has been altered!"

Then, casually, she turned over the pages of sundry of those account-books, running her finger up and down the various columns; and Eli Harker, not quite approving of such inquisitiveness, said, somewhat shortly—

"You'll find all those figures in the statement. That is, all the totals."

"Exactly," she said. "But totals are made up of items, and I am examining items."

A quick flush flew to his usually pallid cheeks, and she noted it; still with the aid of the mirror, for he was standing behind her. But that flush died away, leaving a ghastly pallor, as she turned over page after page, ran up column after column.

"The Squire never troubled to check the totals," he said in a hard, dry voice, "nor did Mrs. Jerningham. I took the trouble to prepare the summary to spare them that, Miss."

"How unbusinesslike of them!" said his mistress. "When I kept the accounts at the convent I insisted on the dear Mother Superior checking—every—item."

She bit her lip, suddenly remembering that those accounts had been the task of, not Di Jerningham, but Marah Delahay!

"Really?" the steward was answering. "But then, of course, there was some difference between a convent school-girl and the lady of a manor."

"I have been both," she said; then, suddenly, "What is this? What an unwise habit you have of carrying forward ten too many in your shillings total; and surely this item for forage was charged before. Yes—here on the 15th."

"That must have been for another bill," he stammered.

"Well, where is the voucher?"

"I—I," turning over the budget of receipts with clumsy hands, he mumbled, "I must have mislaid it."

"Ask them for a duplicate. See, their number is two-nought-six, Bayminster. Ring them up at once."

"I—would rather—go over the accounts—again and make sure I have not, in error, charged it twice," he stammered. "Would you like to go over the accounts later on—say, this afternoon?"

"No, no. These accounts are quite simple. We will thrash them out now." She remembered Felicia was coming over for tea in the afternoon with her brother. And then her eye lighted on another item so peculiar that she pursed her lips. She called for the books for the past three years, and he, with dread misgivings, was constrained to produce them. She scanned them intently.

"This is very strange," she said. "Fifteen pounds for newspapers for this quarter, fifteen pounds, and the preceding quarters scarcely ever exceed five. Where is the voucher? Come, come, the receipt."

Reluctantly he at last produced it, and with a shaking hand tendered it.

"Why, what is this?" she said slowly. "This bill has been altered! Five has been changed to fifteen in words and figures."

"So—so it has," he faltered. "Give it to me, Miss—I'll take it back and get it altered."

"Why, surely the people have not altered it to cheat us?"

"No—no—Miss. I'll take it over and get their explanation." He stretched his hand towards the altered receipt. But she withdrew it.

"No," she said, "I shall be driving past there this afternoon, I will call in and myself get an explanation."

"For God's sake don't!" He could scarcely check the exclamation.

"There's some mistake," he went on hurriedly and in abject confusion.

"That is very evident," said the girl, scanning him with clear, cold eyes, under the gaze of which his soul and body seemed to squirm. His pallid hue had given place to the moist tinge of a parboiled shrimp, and his fishy eyes were dilated with the terror of imminent detection. They could not face that steady gaze, for it was one thing to know himself a thief, and another to know that she knew him for one. He strove to blunder out some vague explanation, but his tongue clave to his palate, and it dawned on him that, after all, silence, perhaps, was best.

Meantime, she went on scrutinising the accounts with the methodical precision she had acquired at the convent school, where the Mère Supérieure had trained her to keep the books, and one by one she jotted down a list of queries and of palpable errors all on one side, and to benefit. He, meantime, watching her as a trapped wild animal might watch its captor, wondering what fate was in store. Would she merely dismiss him, or would she prosecute, then and there have him arrested? Was the hair about to snap and let fall the destroying sword? Presently she pushed the list across to him, and said, in a dry, decisive voice—

"Your accounts are remarkably defective. These errors require rectification. But I have no further time to spare just now. Correct these errors and bring the books to me again at this time to-morrow."

A respite! A possible escape! With tell-tale eagerness he gathered up the books and papers and left the room, hugging them to himself, hugging also the reflection that there was one way out, a dear way, one that might mean disgorging almost all his harvest of plunder. Nevertheless, there was one way out.

And who could tell? He might meantime happen upon another way.

As the door closed behind him the girl who had rent him to shreds rose erect, with clenched hands, set teeth, white face, and heaving bosom.

"That man's a thief!" she hissed. "A cheat! a fraud! an unjust steward, a traitor to his trust! And oh! Great Heaven! What am I?" And flinging her face into her folded arms upon the table she gave way to a storm of sobs and tears that shook her girlish frame. After a while, looking up, she scanned in a mirror her flushed and tear-stained cheeks, and wondered how long she would be able to keep up her deception, to endure her ordeal of consciousness of fraud. Then she asked herself—not how should she avert the inevitable crash, the possible consequences, but how could she escape the fraud itself. Should she steal away under cover of the night, and elsewhere in another name and identity begin life, a better life, afresh?

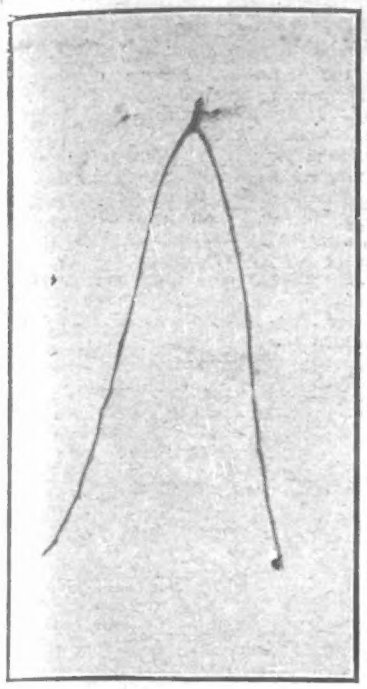
She ran up to her room to bathe her cheeks. On the staircase she encountered that strange Nurse who eyed her with a gaze so curious that very often she wondered was it prompted by suspicion? Certainly, Nurse Sylvain this time scanned her with a searching gaze, beneath which she felt her cheeks flaming more scarlet still.

"Is anything the matter, Miss Jerningham?" the Nurse asked, with quite professional interest. "Are you, too, suffering from nerves? Indeed, there would be some excuse after your terrible ordeal."

In answer, she murmured vaguely of a headache, and Nurse Sylvain persistently begged to be allowed to bathe her forehead with eau-de-Cologne, and to prescribe phenacetin; and, accompanying her to her room, the ordinarily taciturn nurse once again began plying her with apparent casual, but persistent, questions about her life in the convent, about her studies, her companions, and more particularly and even more persistently about herself.

Her real self—not concerning the Diana Jerningham whose identity she was assuming, whose place and rights she was fraudulently filling and possessing, but about her real self, about the Marah Delahay supposed to have gone down in the cruel North Sea waters.

(*To be continued*).



THE HAZEL TWIG ACTUALLY USED TO LOCATE A HIDDEN STREAM OF WATER.

THE TROUBLE AT WOOLWICH.

HARD TIMES FOR THE WORKERS AT THE ARSENAL.

WOOLWICH is in trouble, and a number of its inhabitants are consumed with anxiety for the future. They have reason, too, for it has been stated officially that the discharge of more than two thousand men from the Government works is contemplated: one thousand from the laboratory, five hundred from the carriage department, and eight hundred from the gun factory.

THE GREY FACE OF DESPAIR.

Already many of the men are working short time, and their smokeless pipes and the grey faces of the women tell their story only too plainly, a story that will become more tragic as it continues. To many of these men and women the Arsenal is Life; round it and by it they live, and it is the power that can make them rich and poor, as riches and poverty are reckoned in Woolwich. True, many of the men belong to the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, and from that institution they can draw ten shillings a week, for a limited period, when they are out of work. Ten shillings to pay the rent and feed a family! There are many who cannot claim even this relief, and Heaven alone knows how they will keep on living—Heaven and the pawnshops.

SOLD HOMES FOR BREAD.

It is well to belong to the society, for work is found, if possible, for its members, so that their weekly doles may not drag too heavily on the funds. This, however, usually means that the men must go to the provinces, and that they must sell their homes. They have had no chance to save money for removal charges, and so it is that their work-acquired belongings have to be sold, money lost on the transaction, and the fight for a home begun all over again.

THE OCEAN'S GOLD.

THE "ALFRED NOBEL" LEAVES FOR THE CAPE TO SEEK KRUGER'S GOLD.

UNDER Captain Gardiner, who was a midshipman on board the *Condor* at the bombardment of Alexandria, and acted as despatch rider to Lord Roberts during the Boer War, the *Alfred Nobel* has departed for the Cape.

President Kruger's gold, £600,000, which is believed to have been stolen and placed on board the *Dorothea* for the Argentine, is to be dived for. The *Dorothea* was wrecked, and Captain Gardiner, having located her position, hopes, with the aid of the special plant carried, to recover the treasure.

Other treasures to be searched for are £100,000 in gold from the troop-ship *Abereston*, sunk in eighteen fathoms, and £50,000 worth of silver and silver-ore from the *Thermopylæ*, sunk in seven fathoms in 1898.

The Cape Government is to get a percentage on all treasure recovered.

THE WATER WIZARD.

How Water is Found by the Aid of a Hazel Twig.

"P.I.P." Special Article and Photos.

"MR. TOMPKINS, we congratulate you as a water-finder upon the ground of South Africa; as a hero, you have given up your home, family, friends, and home practice, and been to considerable expense, all for us. We wish you every success and prosperity, and henceforth you are not to do or put your hand to anything in the shape of work, neither have an anxious care or thought for anything; you shall have servants to wait on you, and be a gentleman in every way—only find us water."

It was in these words, perhaps high-flown, but certainly well meant, that probably the best-known water-finder living was thanked in South Africa for the success of his efforts. In parts where water had always been scarce—in fact, almost unknown—he found abundance, and so earned the gratitude of the farmers of the district, besides that of the many travellers on the up-country route, who had previously suffered owing to the scarcity of water.

It is in Great Britain, however, that this stalwart water-finder—there is nothing ethereal about Mr. Tompkins—has met with his greatest successes, and on many occasions he has proved, often to unbelievers, that he does possess the power of locating water, and even of gauging its depth below the surface and quantity, all through the agency of a sprig of hazel. Uncanny it is, but that it is practical Mr. Tompkins has proved.

The use of the divining-rod is by no means a thing of recent times, for it was known to the Ancient Greeks as rhabdomancy (Greek *rhabdos*, a rod, and *manteia*, divination), and is described in some encyclopædias as "the power considered by some as existing in particular individuals of discovering things hid in the bowels of the earth, especially metals, ores, and bodies of water, by a change in their perceptions; and likewise the art of aiding the discovery of these substances by the use of certain instruments—for example, the divining-rod."

History itself, and passages in many an old book, tell us of extraordinary uses to which the divining-rod has been put. They speak of the tracing of boundaries, the hunting down of murderers, and the finding of mines. There can be no doubt that some of these miracles are, to say the least of it, exaggerations of fact, but that the power of finding water by the aid of a twig has been in the past, and is in the present, possessed by a favoured few, has been proved without a shadow of doubt.

It was this knowledge that took a representative of the *P.I.P.* to an estate near Ware, only a few days ago, where he witnessed Mr. Tompkins at work with a hazel twig, searching for water badly needed on the estate. It is not with this particular instance of water-finding that we have to deal, however, so we will pass on to the sensations experienced by Mr. Tompkins when he first discovered his power of tracing water. He states that a friend of his, who possessed the power to a certain degree, had shown him how to set to work, and this is how he describes his experience:—

"I held this rod by both prongs in both hands, gripping it tightly so that it should not move, and commenced to walk in an upright position, with the apex of the twig downward and some distance from the ground. This was in an orchard where there were no signs of water existing or wells near, or any indication that water could be found at one place more than another. After walking a distance of eighty yards or so I suddenly felt a running

HEAVY GOING: THE STREAM BEING TRACKED ACROSS PLOUGHED LAND AT WARE.

MR. TOMPKINS AT THE GERMAN COLONY, NEAR WARE LAST SATURDAY.

FOLLOWING AN UNDERGROUND STREAM ACROSS A MEADOW BY AID OF THE TWIG.

or creeping sensation come into my feet, up my legs and back, and down my arms, which caused me to look to see what had happened. I noticed the rod began to rise in my hands. I gripped it still tighter to prevent it, and kept walking. Still, I found the sensation got stronger and stronger, and that I was being led in a zigzag course, the twig at the same time exercising a greater determination to turn up. So strong had this influence become that I was powerless to keep it down, and eventually, after proceeding some distance further, it attained a vertical position, and revolved over and over. So great was this sudden and unexpected pressure or influence on me that I fainted, and became very ill, and I at once threw the rod away, thinking Old Harry was not far off. I managed to get indoors, and my wife, on seeing me in this sad plight, became alarmed to know the cause. I said I had been trying the experiment of water-finding, that I should soon recover and be all right again."

That is how Mr. Tompkins describes his first experience in the field in which he has since practised so successfully; but even now he finds that the work takes a great deal of the strength out of him, even to the length of making him faint.

Many people, both people who should know and those who had no pretence to knowledge, have tried to explain this phenomenon, but so far their explanations can only be described as unsatisfactory. This, however, is certain: such a gift as water-finding is of estimable value, for water, even more than the traditional bread, may be said to be the "staff of life."

ESCAPED CONVICT NEARLY CAUSES A STRIKE.

BUT for diplomatic handling of a serious affair Wormwood Scrubs Prison would probably have been warderless and unguarded last Monday. And this strained situation was caused by Convict C 23!

It appears that during the time that the man who ran amuck on the roof was holding the warders at bay the other prisoners were making a tremendous din in their cells. A warder, who was endeavouring to keep the batch of convicts under his charge quiet, was reported to the doctor by one of the men for using violence. This complaint reached the ears of the deputy governor, who suspended the warder without hearing his version of the case.

The warders resented this suspension, which came into force at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and quickly took action.

Before going on duty on Sunday afternoon the staff of day warders issued a form of ultimatum to the governing authorities, declaring that they would not come into the prison in the morning if their demands were not listened to.

The deputy governor agreed to meet the warders, and after a long discussion he promised to let the man resume work. Thereupon the matter ended.

An inspector from the Home Office visited the prison on Monday afternoon and held a long consultation with the deputy governor.

CERTAIN AND PERMANENT RELIEF FROM CORPULENCE.

Health-Renewing Antipon and its Wonderful Weight-Reducing Power.

There is nothing more disheartening than the persistency—the tenaciousness—of the disease of obesity when the remedies adopted for its cure are of the old-fashioned kind which, relying rather more on a non-nutritious dietary and nerve-racking drugs than on their own properties, only succeed in effecting a temporary reduction of weight at the expense of health and strength. The failure of the old-time methods is due chiefly to the fact that they do not *overcome the dominating tendency to grow fat* without apparent cause. Therefore, no sooner does the victim, through sheer necessity to regain strength, have recourse to really nourishing food than the superabundant fatty matter begins again to accumulate in the tissues. It is, as we have said, disheartening in the extreme.

Fortunately, however, modern science enables us to point to a true, natural means of permanently recovering correct weight and normal proportions without jeopardising health and vitality, but, on the contrary, restoring vigour and energy in a marvellous way. We allude, of course, to Antipon, now recognised by every competent authority as the standard remedy for the permanent cure of obesity, not only on account of its fat-absorbent powers and its unique property of destroying the tendency to get abnormally fat, of which we have already spoken, but because of its grand tonic virtues whereby the jaded system is built up anew and the vital forces restored.

If the reader desires conclusive evidence of the lasting benefits derived from Antipon, we need only say that at the offices of the Antipon Company many hundreds of voluntary letters of gratitude and praise from men and women in every part of the world can be seen on application. Such glowing testimony admits of no doubt as to the permanent nature of the cures effected by Antipon. The following may be quoted as a typical example:—

"Barracks, Devonport.

"I am grateful to you for the great benefit I have derived from Antipon. It is a marvellous remedy. I was 13st. 5lb. before taking the course, and have lost 2st. 2lb., and I am very fit in consequence. I do not hesitate for a moment to state that this valuable discovery is the only permanent cure for obesity and an excellent tonic as well.

(Signed) "F. G., Sergt. R.G.A."

Lest any of our readers should imagine that a long course of treatment is always necessary to effect such astonishing results, we quote the following from a lady residing at Brentford:—

"I have now taken four 2s. 6d. bottles, and feel I cannot speak too highly of Antipon. When I received the first bottle I weighed 12st. 9lb. and now weigh 10st. 10lb. I feel a different person. I have told all my friends how I got thin. (Signed) (Miss) J. S." (The Antipon Company make it a rule not to publish the names and addresses of their correspondents.)

The tonic properties of Antipon are particularly remarkable for their beneficial effect on the digestive organs. Appetite is rendered keen, and the subject may eat heartily of good blood-making, muscle-forming food, there being no call for any unreasonable dietary restrictions. Digestion, assimilation and nutrition are perfected. Thus, during the process of fat-absorption every condition necessary to the promotion of health and strength is preserved. There is a beautiful scientific compensation in the whole process, loss of weight being balanced inversely by increase of muscular strength, nerve force, and brain power.

Twenty-four hours after the first dose of Antipon the scale test (if employed) will prove a reduction of 8oz. to 3lb., according to the degree of obesity; and then follows a steady diminution until complete and final restoration of correct weight (in relation to height) and natural proportions. The doses may then be discontinued, the cure being permanent.

Antipon is a pleasantly tart liquid tonic containing nothing of a mineral origin or otherwise harmful. Its action is bland and there are no objectionable reactionary effects. The whole course of treatment may be gone through in absolute privacy.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. by Chemists, Stores, &c.; or, in the event of disappointment, may be obtained (on sending remittance), post paid, privately packed, direct from The Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

FOR the first time in history the Association Football Championship goes to Wales, yet, while not begrudging the belated honours that have fallen to the Principality, it seems passing strange that Scotland and England, with all the talent at their command, should be left in the rear. The drawn game of one goal each between the Rose and the Thistle at Newcastle last Saturday left the Welshmen at the top of the tree, a position they could only have been deprived of by England beating the Scots.

To be perfectly candid, England did not deserve to beat Scotland, though had they won nobody could have complained, for the Scots were indeed lucky to have their only goal presented to them in the opening two minutes through Crompton miskicking into his own net. And, while I hold the greatest respect for Mr. Tom Robertson, there is small doubt that the referee made a couple of very bad errors, especially one which deprived Bloomer of an almost certain goal close to the finish of the game.

It was Bloomer who equalised—or rather, nullified—Crompton's mistake in the opening half, and the shot that the old Derby County wonder sent in was reminiscent of his palmiest days. In between the two goals Scotland had played splendidly, their half-backs breaking up the English combination with comparative ease, while, on the other hand, the middle line of England were constantly embarrassed by the rushes and clever passing of the Scottish forwards, of whom A. Wilson and R. Walker stood out prominently.

Vivian Woodward was disappointing at centre forward for England; Wedlock was kept so busy that he failed to get into his stride until late in the game, and the same remark unfortunately had to be made with regard to Pennington. Crompton's mistake was fatal, yet he played splendidly afterwards, and the right wingers also performed finely. Of Hardman on the extreme left nothing can be said in the way of criticism, for he was neglected. The wing half-backs were not at their best, but Hardy played a champion game in goal. Of the Scots the half-back line, perhaps, were best, though both the backs did remarkably well. As the play went, Scotland were the better side.

Though without Sharp, Woolwich Arsenal proved just too good for Sunderland in the First Division of the League, and their win over the Wearsiders on the latter's ground was a performance of great merit. The victory was only gained by the odd goal in five, but in criticising the game one must not overlook the fact that the Sunderland Club have the reputation of being dangerous to any team opposed to them at Roker Park. Indeed, they have so often demonstrated it that it almost seems superfluous to mention the fact.

The League Champions, Newcastle United, went under to Notts County, but the former have such a big lead over their nearest opponents, Everton, that their one goal to nil beating need cause them no uneasiness. The Cup-holders also met with a reverse, Birmingham effecting their downfall at the hardware city, the margin against them being the same as in the case of the leaders, and at Blackburn on the following Monday they lost to the Rovers by two goals to one.

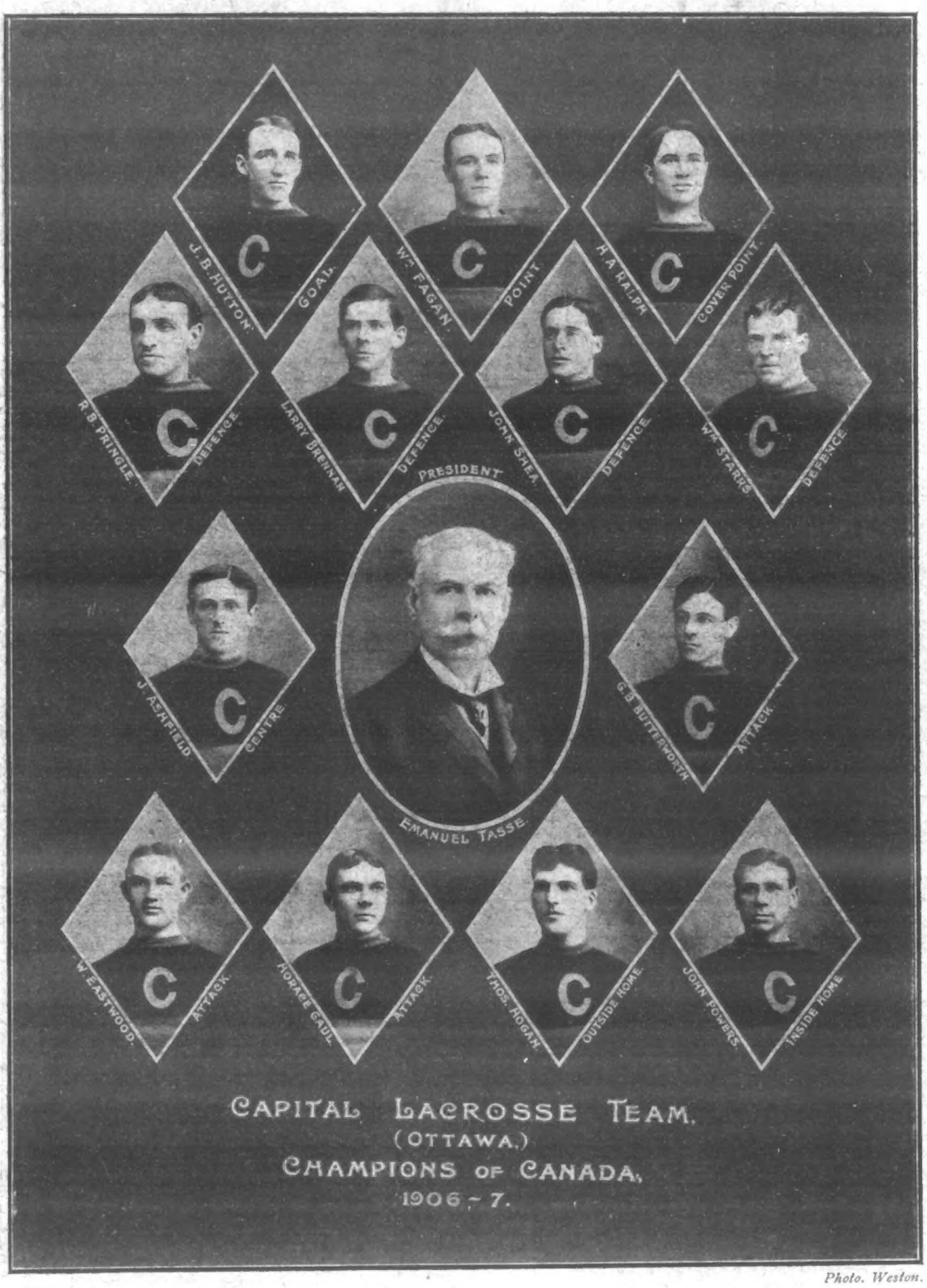
Bristol City are finishing badly. Last week they were soundly thrashed by Aston Villa, and on their own ground, by four goals to two. The Villa well deserved their victory, for in all departments they were the superior side. Stoke and Bury, two of the lowest clubs in the table, met on the former's ground, and the home team secured the points, but their victory by three goals to one can do them little good, for they are nearly sure to figure in the Second Division next season.

One of the best wins of the series was that of Sheffield Wednesday over Blackburn Rovers by two goals to nil win over Bradford City, on the latter's ground, by two goals to one.

Clapton Orient are not doing very badly, but according to some of their form they should be doing better. However, they put up a very good performance last week by drawing with Leeds City at one goal each. Leicester Fosse extinguished whatever chance West Bromwich Albion may have possessed by defeating them on their own ground; but at this period of the competition any further comment on the doings of the Second Leaguers may be put on one side.

There were some curious happenings in the Southern League matches. Fulham won their game with Queen's Park Rangers at Park Royal, and greatly strengthened their position by a two to nil victory. The Craven Cottage club have so firmly established their position now that nothing short of a miracle can rob them of the championship. Portsmouth, who had Crystal Palace for visitors at Fratton Park, smothered the Sydenham men, who quite failed to give anything like their proper form, and were defeated by six goals to nil.

At Plymouth, the Argyle proved too good for Norwich City by two goals to nil; and Millwall overcame Bristol Rovers, at North Greenwich, by two goals to one. Watford had two goals the best of West Ham United. New Brompton and Luton played a goalless draw; Southampton beat Northampton by four goals to two; and Reading unexpectedly vanquished Tottenham Hotspur, who were without Vivian Woodward, by two goals to nil. Last Saturday Brentford rather luckily defeated Leyton by three goals to one; and on the Monday following the West Middlesex club beat Swindon by five goals to two.



CAPITAL LACROSSE TEAM.
(OTTAWA.)
CHAMPIONS OF CANADA,
1906-7.

Photo. Weston.

Lacrosse is the national sport of Canada, and the "Canucks," as the players visiting Great Britain are dubbed, are the crack exponents of the game. Many important matches have been arranged, the most interesting being that at Lord's on April 27, against the Duke of Argyll's team, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Canadian colleagues in London have promised to be present.

LACROSSE.

By the overwhelming score of twelve goals to nil, the Old Hulmeians defeated Surbiton in the English Club Championship last Saturday at Manchester. The Southerners, who had been staying at Buxton, had a fair share of the play at periods, but for the most part the Northern champions showed superior form, though not to such an extent as to warrant the heavy nature of the defeat. Five of the goals were scored in the first half, and seven after the interval.

To-day (Friday) the Canadian team—the Canucks—are due to arrive at Liverpool. They are thirteen strong, and open their programme in London by meeting the South of England. Other matches arranged are with the South-West of England, London, Kent, Oxford and Cambridge combined team, North of England, Cheshire, and England.

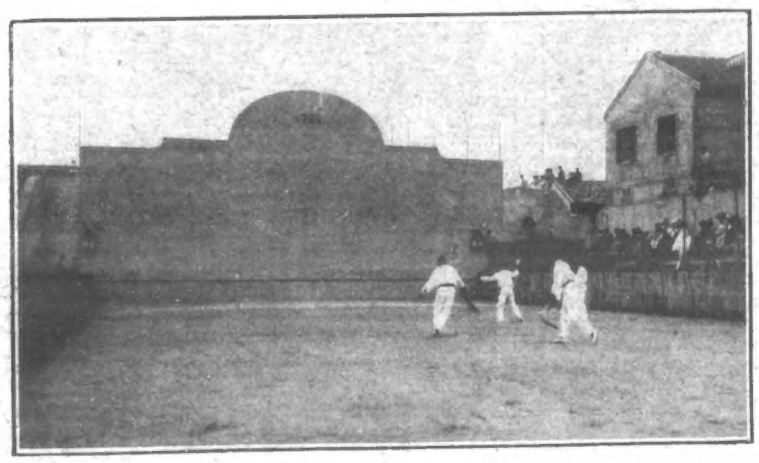
LAWN-TENNIS.

More laurels have fallen to A. F. Wilding, for he has carried off the championship singles at the covered-court tournament at Lyons, and, with K. Powell as partner, he took the championship doubles. He had a very easy task in disposing of M. Germot in the final of the singles, but the latter and D. P. Rhodes put up a rattling good fight in the doubles, only being beaten by three sets to two. In the final of the ladies' championship Miss R. V. Salusbury, the holder, beat Mrs. Nutcombe-Quicke by 6—0, 6—1

The lady champion, Miss D. K. Douglass, was married last Saturday to Mr. R. L. Chambers at St. Matthew's Church, Ealing, of which the bride's father is the incumbent. The honeymoon is being spent in Cornwall. It will doubtless be recollected that Mrs. Chambers won the ladies' championship of England in 1903, 1904, and 1906, and the ladies' covered-court championship in 1904 and 1906.

HOCKEY.

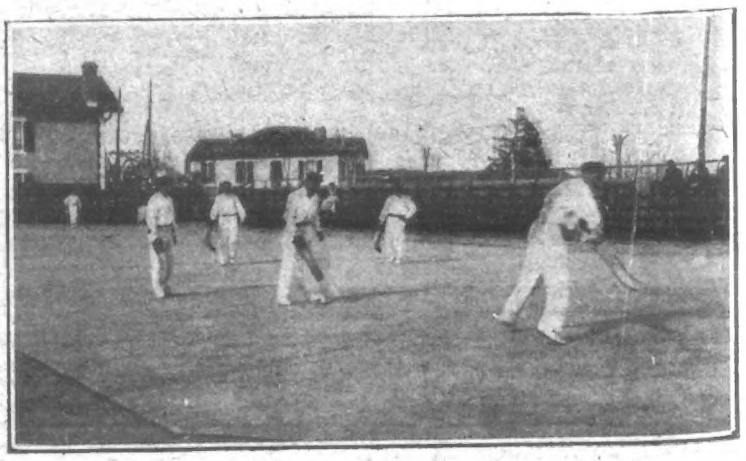
It is a sign of the rapidly growing popularity of the game that a movement is on foot to form an Eastern Counties



THE SPANISH NATIONAL GAME: PELOTA.

This game, in some ways like "fives," was recently witnessed by King Edward, who was greatly interested in the play.

There is little doubt that Notts Forest and Chelsea will be the two clubs to be promoted to the First Division when the curtain is finally rung down on the present season. The former are certainties, and Chelsea nearly safe. Last Saturday the Stamford Bridge club gave an exceptional exhibition of how to score goals, for they netted the ball seven times to once by Chesterfield. The Forest improved their position with a at Ewood Park. The Owlerton men, while not boasting of their prowess, have an idea that they have a very big chance of wresting the Cup from the clutches of Everton when the two clubs meet at the Crystal Palace. Bolton Wanderers beat Middlesbrough by one goal to nil, but there was nothing calling for special comment. Of the other First League matches, Liverpool beat Derby County by two goals to nil, and Manchester United and their neighbours, Manchester City, played a draw of one goal each on the former's ground.



THE SPANISH NATIONAL GAME: PELOTA.

Note the curious claw-shaped baskets, strapped to the wrist, in which the players catch the ball.

District Association next season. That there is plenty of talent existing there was amply demonstrated last Saturday, when a team representing the Southern Counties were defeated by a local side at Ipswich to the extent of four goals to one. Miller, the Ipswich right half-back, was as prominent as any player on the field, the manner in which he overplayed E. Green, England's outside left, being very convincing. There is a bright future for the game in the Eastern Counties.

BILLIARDS.

We are right at the tail-end of the billiards season, yet interest is being kept up by discussion over the "anchor" or "cradle" stroke. In the match between Dawson and Lovejoy at Liverpool the ex-champion more than once deliberately broke up the "anchor" position after making mammoth breaks. His opponent, the discoverer of the notorious stroke, had a long turn at it, commencing last Saturday afternoon and terminating on Monday, when, after placing glazed paper under the balls, as suggested by Reece, he added one hundred cannons and then split up the position. Evidently "freak" play is going a bit too far.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

The ten miles championship of Scotland was decided at Ibrox Park, Glasgow, last Saturday, and resulted in T. Jack, Edinburgh Southern Harriers (holder), retaining his title. Ten men had entered, and there were nine starters, but none of them were able to hold the winner, who secured first honours by nearly half a mile from H. Young, of the Monksland Harriers, the third man being W. Bowman, of the West of Scotland Harriers.

The winner's time was 53 min. 4 sec. This is the best hitherto made in the race under notice, the previous record, standing to the credit of Andrew Hannah, being 53 min. 26 sec. This, however, is considerably slower than that accomplished by Alfred Shrubb at the same ground in 1904, the ex-South Londoner covering the distance in 50 min. 40 3-5 sec. The latter time still stands as a world's record, but Jack's performance was a very good one, and would have been considered quite exceptional not so many years ago.

The public schools were busy with the various meetings, and the performances were generally good. Dulwich College can mostly be trusted to introduce some likely youngsters to the public. In the mile, A. M. Traill beat the school record for the distance by doing 4 min. 54 sec., and A. E. Livock proved himself a sprinter of class by winning the 100 yards in 10 4-5 sec. The Old Alleynians past and present 120 yards resulted in a dead-heat between A. E. Livock and E. N. Carter in 12 3-5 sec., and the junior events also resulted in good sport.

The Highgate School sports were decided on the school grounds, where a capital level track can be laid out, but to an old athlete like myself such times as 10 1-5 sec. for the 100 yards can find no favour. Williamson won the event, and he followed by securing the quarter-mile. Another youth who did well was Sothers, who won the 120 yards hurdles and the high jump, and ran second in the 100 yards and quarter. The other events call for no special notice.

St. Paul's School decided their annual meeting at Hammersmith. The presence of the Light Blue, R. P. Franklin, in the Old Pauline's Handicap at 220 yards lent a little extra colour to the event, but he could only get third, the winner being E. S. Kiralfy. Westminster School were busy at Vincent Square, the Old Boys' event being secured by Corfield, and the races for present scholars passed off with great success, without anything exceptional being accomplished.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor is always glad to consider photographs of topical interest, but does not hold himself responsible for their safe-keeping.

No photograph or manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

All contributions should be addressed to—

THE EDITOR,
The Penny Illustrated Paper,
172 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

ARMY POINT-TO-POINT RACES.
Grand Military Light-Weight Race: Over the Last Fence.

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND DRAW WITH ONE GOAL EACH.
Rutherford centring the ball.

Photo. Illus. Bureau.

CURLING CHAMPIONSHIPS AT PRINCE'S.
The annual competition by the English Province of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club: Players applauding a good shot.

PROFESSOR KEITH-HARVEY'S BOOK ON DEAFNESS.

Great Scientist's Offer of Free Advice to Deaf People.

There has recently been published a book the importance of which to thousands of people whose hearing is impaired or lost is certain to mark it as the book of the year. Its author, Professor Keith-Harvey, has earned world-wide renown for his researches in the cause and cure of deafness. Professor Keith-Harvey has made this subject, "Deafness," his special study, and after years of strenuous work has established clearly the chief cause which is responsible for this disease in the majority of cases.

It is impossible for anyone but a student of this subject to appreciate the amount of ignorance and error prevailing. This new book on deafness, apart from its value as a contribution to scientific literature, has a distinct practical value, for it indicates to the ailing person a most successful method of permanently curing this, the most dreaded of all diseases. Having discovered the cause of deafness, Professor Keith-Harvey perfected his work by proclaiming what thousands of sufferers had so long awaited, a practical method of cure.

Professor Keith-Harvey's method of treating deafness is told about in the new book, which book is to be sent free of charge to all sufferers from this ailment. There must be thousands to whom such a book would prove of value. In simple language it conveys to the ailing sufferers a distinct message of hope, and we earnestly advise every afflicted reader to write at once for this valuable book.

"THAT UNUTTERABLE SILENCE."

None but the deaf know the horrors of this dreaded disease; the pain, the isolation, the feelings of despair which it brings make this the most serious ailment that can affect the body. Deafness is a disease that works slowly and surely, growing in severity day by day. Not many people become suddenly deaf, the majority arriving at this stage through neglect or the aggravation of a minor trouble. To be deaf is to lose half the pleasure of life. To be deaf is to live in a prison isolated from those most dear. To be deaf when a cure is at hand is a crime against self and those who care for you.

Professor Keith-Harvey proves conclusively that it is possible to cure some of the most obstinate cases of deafness. By the method which he has perfected, every sufferer, in his or her own home, may, under the guidance of this highly successful specialist on diseases of the ear, carry out a method of treatment which has proved its value in thousands of cases, among which have been many of long standing and most obstinate.

Every reader of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* suffering from deafness or having a relative or friend suffering, should at once accept Professor Keith-Harvey's offer and write for his very valuable book, in which the details of this new treatment are given. Professor Keith-Harvey is willing, where special details of the ailment are given, to advise sufferers as to the best method of treatment in each individual case. When writing for the book it is advisable to give detailed symptoms of the deafness, so that this valuable advice may be sent. The book and this advice are sent gratis and post free. Letters or postcards should be addressed: Professor G. Keith-Harvey (Room 39A), 117, Holborn, London, E.C.

CHIVERS'
FLAVORED WITH RIPE FRUIT JUICES
JELLIES

PICTURES & PEOPLE OF INTEREST

ON THE WALLS OF OUJDA: REBELLIOUS MOORS ON GUARD.
PHOTO. HALFTONES.

SAVING FROM SUICIDE.
Colonel Unsworth, the Officer in Charge of the Salvation Army Anti-Suicide Bureau.—PHOTO. ILLUS. BUREAU.

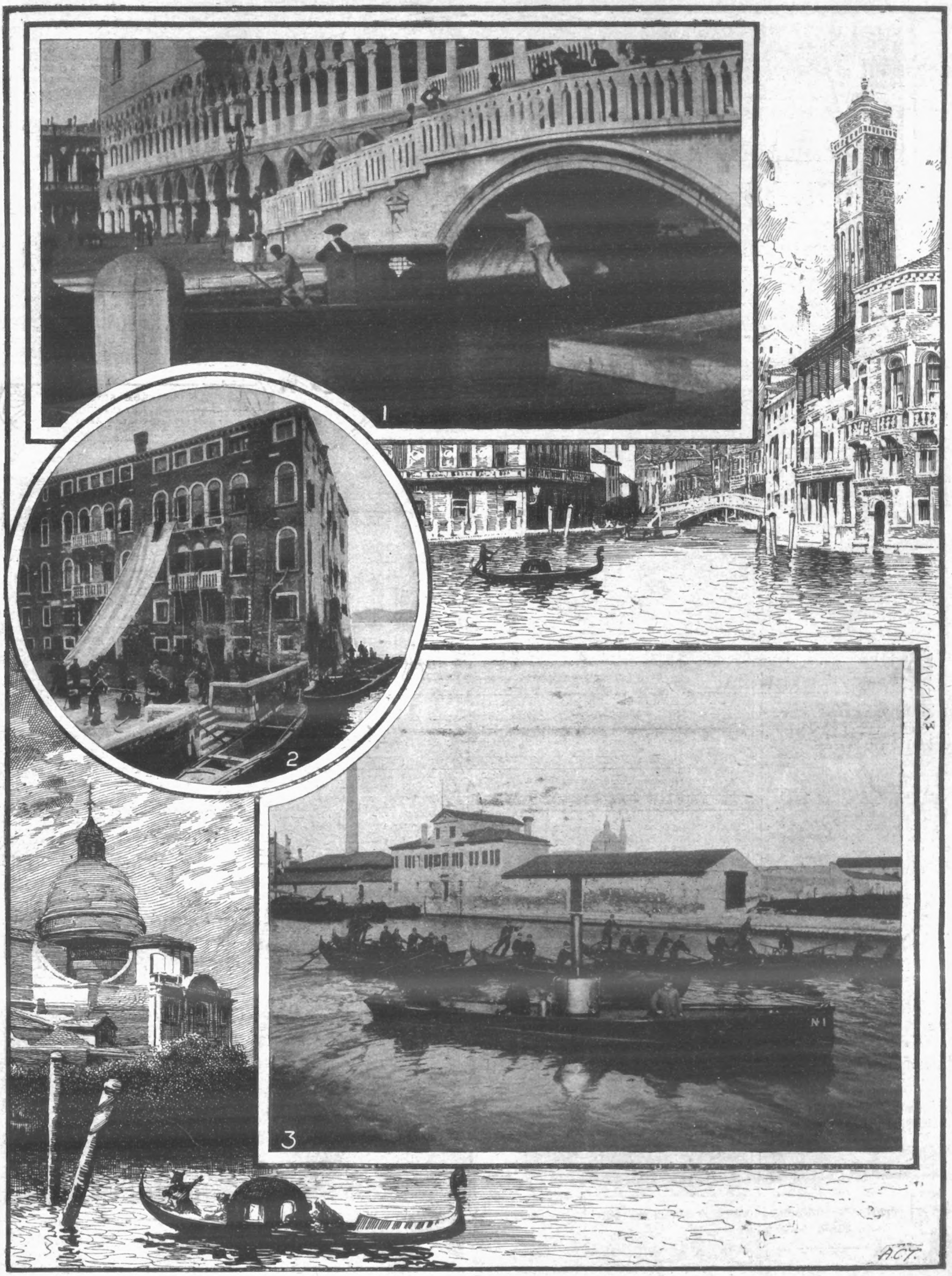
WHERE "ROBINSON CRUSOE" WAS WRITTEN.
Tooting Hall, the House in which Daniel Defoe was Living when He Wrote "Robinson Crusoe."

BURIAL BY MOTOR: A MOTOR-HEARSE THAT IS NOW IN USE IN BERLIN.
PHOTO. FRANKE.

PITTSBURG UNDER WATER: MOTOR-CAR AND BOATS DOING RESCUE WORK.—PHOTO. ILLUS. BUREAU.

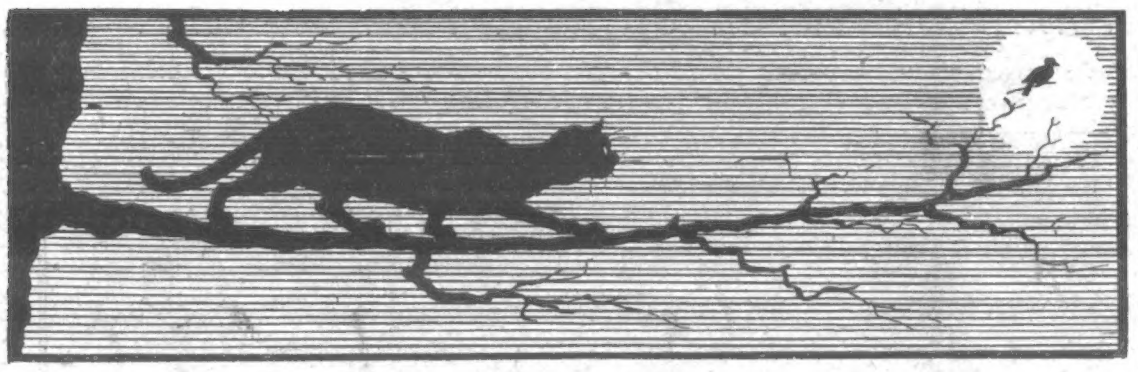
VICTIMS OF THE FLOOD.
A Railway Disaster Caused by the Flood Weakening a Bridge and Precipitating a Train into the River.
PHOTO. ILLUS. BUREAU.

THE VENETIAN "BLACK MARIA" AND THE GONDOLA FIRE BRIGADE.



1. "BLACK MARIA" ON THE WATER: THE GONDOLA PRISON-VAN.
2. THE GONDOLIER FIRE BRIGADE AT PRACTICE.
3. THE FIRE BRIGADE ARRIVING BY WATER: THE FIREMEN IN GONDOLAS.

The Venetian fire brigade is in its element on water. The steam fire-engine is propelled along the canals by steam, but the brigade goes in long gondolas rowed by the men themselves. At a Venetian fire there is never any lack of water. Inside the "Black Maria" are three handcuffed prisoners. One soldier guards the door. The boat is passing under the Ponte della Paglia into the Grand Canal en route for the Assize Court. It is emerging from the canal spanned further up by the Bridge of Sighs connecting the Doge's Palace (here shown) with the prison.



HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

The Servant Problem.

JONES: "Has your wife a good cook now?"

Brown: "I don't know; I have not been home since morning!"

Considerate.

First Chauffeur: "There's one thing I hate to run over, and that's a baby."

Second Chauffeur: "So do I; them nursing-bottles absolutely ruin the tyres."

As Worded.

"Gerald, have you asked papa yet?" said the young lady.

"Oh, yes; I asked him this morning," was Gerald's reply. "It's—it's all right, Lucy."

"What did he say?"

Gerald hesitated before he answered—

"Well, he said there was no accounting for tastes, and that if you had set your heart on bringing me into the family, he'd have to make up his mind to stand it."

"Oh!" murmured Lucy; "isn't he kind?"

Wisdom by Rhyme.

"He who would thrive must rise at five,"
So says the old proverb, though there
is more rhyme than reason it it, for
if—
He who would thrive must rise at five,
it must follow naturally—
He who'd thrive more must rise at four;
And it will be a sure consequence that—
He who'd still more thriving be
Must leave his bed at turn of three;
And who this latter would out-do
Would rouse him at the stroke of two.
And by way of climax to it all—
He who'd never be outdone
Must ever rise at stroke of one.
But the best illustration would be—
He who'd flourish best of all
Should never go to bed at all.

—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

No Business Done.

He was comparatively new at the business, and had already found out that the life of an insurance agent is not all a bed of roses, but he was fully determined to make a good record in the small town he had selected for his operations. At one house his ring was answered by a comely young woman, who waited calmly for him to state his business.

"Is your husband insured, Madam?" he began, in an ingratiating fashion.

"No," she responded.

"Indeed!" he answered, confident that he had found a bonanza. "Do you not think he should be insured?"

"No," with the same calmness.

This was a staggerer, but he promptly rallied.

"Why, Madam, do you not think that he owes it as a sacred duty to you and his family that his life should be insured?"

"No, I do not."

"You do not! Will you please tell me why?"

"Certainly. I have no husband. Good morning."

And the interview was closed.

—*London Opinion.*

Towards the end of last year, on the death of his father, Lord St. Odol, at the age of fifty, came into the Earldom of Westbourne.

A few days ago, he met a strange man in the train. It turned out that the strange man had been at Eton with him. Each rather vaguely remembered the other. But the strange man said something that mystified Westbourne, who replied—

"I don't think you quite know who I am. My name is Westbourne."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the other, "and all this time I thought you were that infernal ass, St. Odol!"

Which was bad hearing.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Mary's Question.

Some little while ago, a popular writer visited a gaol in order to take notes for a magazine article on prison life.

On returning home, he described the horrors he had seen, and his description made a deep impression on the mind of his little daughter Mary.

The writer and his offspring, a week later, were in a train together, which stopped at a station near a gloomy building. A man asked—

"What place is that?"

"The county gaol," another answered promptly.

Whereupon Mary embarassed her father, and aroused the suspicions of the other occupants of the carriage, by asking, in a loud, shrill voice—

"Is that the gaol you were in, father?"—*Tit-Bits.*

She Relented.

"By nature we are polite, and endeavour—more particularly where the fair sex is concerned—to behave as a gentleman should; but we have a high regard for truth, and it must be admitted that Miss Pollie Eccles's mouth was—well, exceedingly well developed.

She was sitting in blissful contentment on the sea-beach at Margate watching the restless sea, and something of its unutterable grandeur shed its light on her soul.

"Oh, Bill," she said to the young man by her side, "'ow grand it all is, ain't it? I feel as though—as though I could open my mouth and take it all in."

A small boy who was playing on the sand close by looked up, a startled gleam in his eye."

"But I say," he remarked, "you won't do it, will you? We only came down yesterday."—*Smith's Weekly.*

A CASE OF WILFUL MISUNDERSTANDING.

THE UNWASHED UNEMPLOYED: "Give us a copper, Sir. I'm trampin' 'ome ter let me old mother see me face, an' I've only got a tanner."

THE CYNICAL PEDESTRIAN: "Well, isn't that enough? You can get a very nice cake of soap for sixpence."

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

Soulful Genius.

When genius grew in garrets,
And starved on bread and cheese,
And water-cress and carrots,
And other things like these;
Then great thoughts came a-sailing
Across the chimney-cans,
And soulful song unfailing
Was every poet-man's.
Now genius (when you find it!)
Feeds at the Metropole,
The menial behind it
Supplying all its "sole."

WILL H. OGILVIE.
(In *London Opinion.*)

Good Advice.

"Should a fellow leave his hat and stick in the hall when calling on a girl?" asked the very young man.

"If she lives in a boarding-house, and he is wise, he 'll hang on to them for all he is worth," answered the dispenser of society information.

Gentle Cynicisms.

Even wild oats seem tame to some wild young men.

* * *

The very best business for a man to be in is his own.

* * *

It 's a wise son that knows he knows less than his own father.

* * *

Many a man's principles are sound: in fact, nothing but sound.

* * *

It 's a pity we can't keep our good resolutions by placing them in cold storage.

* * *

Some men are thrown in the shade by their rivals, and others stand in their own light.

* * *

The pessimist doesn't believe in putting off till to-morrow the trouble he can borrow to-day.

* * *

A steady-going woman is one who keeps on the go so steadily that it is difficult to find her at home.—*The Reader.*

Duly Qualified.

While the proprietor of a lung-tester was expatiating upon the benefits to be derived from the free use of his instrument, a cadaverous individual stepped out of the crowd and remarked to him—

"Mister, do you think it would help me any to blow into that can?"

"Yes, Sir, certainly; it would expand your chest, give elasticity to your lungs, and lengthen your life. Why, you 'd soon be able to blow five hundred pounds and win a prize."

"Why, does a fellow get a prize when he blows that many pounds?"

"Yes, Sir; wouldn't you like to make a trial?" With a knowing wink to the crowd.

"I don't mind if I do," said Greens, walking around and throwing down a coin of rather a greasy appearance. Then, taking the mouthpiece in his hand, he made ready.

He opened his mouth until the hole in his face looked like a dry dock for ocean steamers, and began to take in wind. The inflation was like that of a big balloon, but not so disastrous.

The fellow's chest began to grow and distend until he resembled a pouter-pigeon more than a man, at which point he put the mouthpiece to his lips, and blew with such force that that can-top went up like a flash and the needle of the indicator spun around like a button on a country schoolhouse door, until it stood at 500 lb.

The crowd cheered, and the keeper of the can paid over ten shillings with a mutter of astonishment. But Greens pocketed the money coolly, and, turning to the spectators, said—"Look here, gents. That ain't nothing to do at all for a man who has been a bugler in a deaf and dumb asylum for seven years, like me."—*Tit-Bits.*

The Judge's Leniency.

There is a custom in French jurisprudence that sanctions the consultation by a Judge, in provincial courts, with colleagues on the Bench when sentence is to be passed upon certain classes of malefactors.

"What ought we to give this rascal, brother?" a Judge, in the Department of the Loire, once asked the colleague on his right.

"I should say three years."

"What is your opinion, brother?" This to the colleague on the left.

"I should give him four years."

Whereupon the Judge, assuming an air of great benevolence, said—

"Prisoner, not desiring to impose upon you a long and severe term of imprisonment, as I should have done if left to myself, I have consulted my learned brethren and shall take their advice. Seven years."

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

WITH the initiation of the first Montenegrin Parliament, of which Prince Nikola personally constitutes the "House of Lords," and the National Party form the "Commons," there being up to now no "Opposition," also occurs the first appearance of that too little known country at a great Exhibition. As one of the Balkan States, Montenegro is sending all of its best and most characteristic exhibits to the big display opening at Earl's Court on May 4. From this splendid collection of ancient weapons Prince Nikola has forwarded several specimens, and his example has been followed by various families of the nobility; while the Arsenal collection will also be on view. On the more peaceable side will be hand-woven rugs and silks, gold and other embroideries, picturesque native costumes, models of the houses of the peasantry, timber, cereals, etc. The smoked mutton, "Castradina," on which the peasantry entirely subsist during the winter months, and the natural alcoholic beverage, "Rakija," a spirit distilled from plums and grapes, will be among many other objects novel to this country, and, in fact, Montenegro intends to be no longer a sealed book to the average Englishman.

Unknown Montenegro.

In none of the series of Savoy operas was Sullivan more delightfully inspired than he was in "Patience," and encore followed encore as the Savoy audience last Thursday heard once more "I cannot tell what this love may be," "The Heavy Dragoon," "Willow waly," "Silver is the Raven Hair," "The Magnet and the Churn," and the other numbers of a charming score. And Mr. Gilbert's verses are worthy of their settings, as Gilbertian indeed as the music is Sullivanesque—light fantasy, wit, satire, all handled by a writer who is never mediocre. The performance was generally excellent, and in many respects very good indeed. Mr. C. H. Workman's Reginald Bunthorne, in which he retains the white Whistler lock, ranks equally with his superb Jack Poyntz. Miss Clara Dow, as Patience, sang and played very prettily. Miss Louie Réné acted with a real understanding of restrained burlesque as the elderly Lady Jane, and Mr. Frank Wilson made an excellent Colonel Calverley.

The Revival of "Patience."

MR. E. H. SOTHERN IN "THE SUNKEN BELL," WITH WHICH PLAY HE WILL OPEN HIS SEASON AT THE WALDORF ON APRIL 22.

THE SOTHERN AND MARLOW SEASON AT THE WALDORF THEATRE: THE GREAT SCENE IN "JEANNE D'ARC."

"The Truth," at the Comedy.

The following is the cast of "The Truth," which was presented at the Comedy last Saturday—

Becky Warder	Miss Marie Tempest.
Eve Lindon	Miss Grace Lane.
Laura Fraser	Miss Sybil Carlisle.
Mrs. Crespigny	Miss Rosina Filippi
Tom Warder	Mr. Allan Aynesworth.
Mr. Lindon	Mr. Dawson Milward.
Roland (father of Becky)	Mr. Dion Boucicault.

Miss Marie Tempest has a part which suits her admirably, and, as in the case of Mr. Allan Aynesworth, one which is something quite different from her previous rôles. Mr. Aynesworth we have seen as the fine chivalrous man (as in "The Marriage of Kitty"), seeing his wife through every peccadillo, but in "The Truth" he is the saddened, disillusioned husband who is determined to defend his own honour. The play should have a long run, for the acting is excellent, and the material they have, if possible, better.

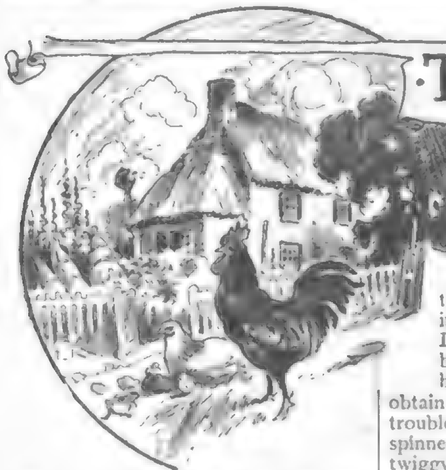
At the Scala preparations are going on apace, and "The Judgment of Pharaoh" is now in full rehearsal. Owing to the very unusual type of characters required the management and Mr. Calmour have found great difficulty in finding the right people even among actors of the first rank. But Messrs. Brandon Thomas, James Fernandez, Edmund Gurney, and Misses Cecil Cromwell and Norah Lancaster have the leading parts well in hand. Miss Cromwell, who was formerly a prominent member of Irving's company, is a very beautiful actress who comes from the Adelphi; and Miss Norah Lancaster, a daughter of Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis, brings an excellent reputation from the provinces, and may be regarded as one of the most promising young actresses of to-day. Mr. Bruce-Smith and Mr. Helmsley are jointly responsible for the scenery; the banqueting-hall in the palace of the Egyptian Prince Pharus, and the Temple of Osiris, will be magnificent specimens of scenic art. The production may be expected about April 22. It may be necessary here to correct an impression which has gone abroad to the effect that the date of the play is 4000 B.C. Students of Egyptology will at once see this is a mistake. In the record of the Egyptian priest Manetho, to whom we are indebted for the history of Egypt, nothing is known of the Pharaoh of that date except the names. The date of the play is that of the time when the Children of Israel were a flourishing agricultural nation under the rule of patriarchs, and should be fixed somewhere between 1000 and 600 B.C.

"The Judgment of Pharaoh."

The marriage of Miss Dorothy Edwardes, the eldest daughter of Mr. George Edwardes, the well-known theatrical manager, to Mr. Cuthbert Arthur Sherbrooke, a grandson of the first Earl Cairns, will take place at the Roman Catholic Church of St. James, Spanish Place, on the 29th of this month. The young couple have been engaged about a year. The bride is only twenty—a slight, pretty girl, with a mass of red hair. She is a good, all-round sportswoman, and delights in riding, driving, motoring, and golfing. She has a beautiful mezzo-soprano voice, and sings with charm and culture, while she is also an accomplished amateur actress, although she has never performed in public.

Theatrical Wedding.

MISS JULIA MARLOW AS JEANNE D'ARC.



THE "P·I·P" GARDENER AND POULTRY-FANCIER.

APRIL 15 TO 21.—Now that the many shades of green are beginning to put in an appearance, the garden wears a completely different complexion, and enthusiasm warms.

My Garden Plans.

True, the rainfall is under the average, so far, for the year, but it is early yet to talk of drought, though the position is certainly somewhat serious already for the farmer, and in a lesser degree to the amateur gardener. For three weeks at least I have been using the watering-can freely in my Surrey garden, and the moisture-level is getting woefully low as I dig downwards. But if it was not drought, it would be frost or east winds, for the gardener's lot is not a happy one, as a rule, and one needs the patience of a Job to stand the fickle English climate without an occasional murmur. My plans for the week's gardening now contain other items as a relief to the monotony of planting, and during the next few days I shall be sticking my first row of garden peas. I buy my sticks at sixpence a bundle, from a local corn-chandler, but most readers will be able to obtain them cheaper or else for the trouble of cutting in some adjacent spinney. The sticks, which should be twiggy, I push firmly home in the ground, having first cut them to equal lengths and sharpened the points with a bill-hook. The sticks should be in a double row, with nine or ten inches between, and should slope to meet at the tops. Peas may be stuck when three or four inches above the ground. Another task I must put in hand is the earthing-up of my broad-beans, a practice greatly to their advantage. The earth should be drawn up round the stems with a hoe to a height of four or five inches. Then, I shall constantly keep the hoe moving among most crops, particularly if the weather is open. My planting programme includes a row of the later marrowfat peas, more turnips, radishes, and spinach. Possibly also I may put in a few more beet and carrot seed, and I expect to have some celery plants in boxes ready to plant out in nursery beds. All such planting-out should, if possible, be saved for a day when the ground is moist from rain or showery weather probable. A later crop of leeks may well be planted now, and successional crops of lettuce and onions if you want further supplies of these useful vegetables.

FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING.

Freak Chickens.

If you have got a broody hen and the accommodation to spare you might do worse than try your luck with a shilling's-worth of pudding eggs from a local grocer. It is rather a lottery whether you get chicks or not, but if you care to take the chances and not waste much time you may possibly secure a prize. I have once or twice lately tried this plan, and have been rewarded with weird, uncouth birds strange to our own countryside—gaunt, crested birds from France and Russia, odd birds almost featherless, save for the wings, from other parts of the Continent, and now and again an absolute treasure. It is perfectly true that the poultry of different countries varies as much as everything else, and if you would welcome a "stranger within your gates" as a distinct novelty, if not a particularly useful guest, give this notion a trial. You must not blame me, however, if the results do not come up to expectation, for, as I said before, this sitting of foreign pudding eggs is a lottery, though the odds are not quite as long as one might be led to suspect.

French Beans.

It is far too early yet to plant runner beans, but dwarf French beans may be sown this week in a warm border; and, as the month advances, fresh sowings should be made in more exposed situations to ensure a succession. They are an excellent crop to grow—earlier than runners and somewhat daintier to the palate, and with a fair amount of moisture they are an assured success. Canadian Wonder, Negro Longpod, and Ne Plus Ultra are excellent varieties, and the beans should be sown two inches deep in drills two feet apart. Choose dry weather, if possible, as the seed is apt to rot if planted when the ground is very wet, and give the soil a good manuring, as much to supply moisture during a possible drought as for nutriment. To get your dwarf beans not only earlier, but also to ensure their being more productive, and, further, to guard against "blanks" in the rows, I recommend the plan of transplanting. This early crop may be raised in flat boxes, and when ready the plants can be bedded-out where they are to stand.

In the Flower Garden.

Work in the flower garden is no less urgent than that with the vegetable crops. There are edgings to be seen to, paths to be made or renovated, arches to be repaired, roses to be pruned, trimming of all kinds to be done, and the sowing of hardy annuals for the year to be attended to. Personally, my plans for this week lay chiefly in the flower garden, and I shall be planting the seed of tall and dwarf nasturtium, antirrhinum (snap-dragon), sweet peas, mignonette, scabious, marigolds (the newer kinds), cornflowers, Virginian stock (for edging), and so on. Then I shall give attention to creepers and other established plants, mow and roll the lawn, and generally set the flower garden and its precincts in order for the season. I find it a good notion to dovetail in my work in the flower and kitchen gardens, and, where possible, allow the comparatively light labour of sowing flowers to follow a morning of heavy vegetable culture. After all, the garden is a hobby, and it is no use making a toil of pleasure.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

W.H.C.—"Burning Bush" (*Kochia Trichophila*) is a symmetrical bush some three feet in height, and a hardy annual. Grown in rows the plants are most effective, and seed should be sown in the open now, and when three inches high, transplanted. You were not quite right in your conception of the plant, which is certainly uncommon, considering how easy it is to grow. Get the seeds from a reliable source—Ryders, of St. Albans, will sell you a penny packet.

WILL WATKINS (Pinner).—Rearing poultry for show in selling classes is one of the most profitable sides of the fancy, but it takes years of experience and inner knowledge to achieve success. £1 is easily obtainable in the average classes, but I believe over £100 has been obtained for remarkable birds.

"BETA" (Finsbury).—Certainly dahlias may be grown from seed, but it is rather late now, and your best plan is to order the plants. Nurserymen have plants ready for delivery from the first week in May at varying prices, from eighteenpence a dozen upwards.

G. LIPTROTT (Nelson, Lancs).—Don't cut the growth on the turf you have only just laid. Roll it well, of course, and if possible give the first cutting with a scythe. It is a mistake to cut newly laid turf very early, and is apt to check the firm establishment.

I am always pleased to answer inquiries, and where a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, will do so through the post direct. Address inquiries to me personally at the *P.I.P.* Offices, 172, Strand, W.C.

A. COURLAND MARSHALL.

Photo. Illus. Bureau.

THE SCENE OF CONVICT C 23's DARING EXPLOIT.

Our photograph shows the roof at Wormwood Scrubs where a convict held the warders at bay for five hours, after doing damage estimated at some hundreds of pounds. The smashed windows are clearly shown, and the convict himself may be faintly seen sitting on a sloping piece of masonry in the centre of the roof. He amused himself—when not engaged in smashing glass—by singing, "Oh, that will be joyful," and "I wouldn't leave my little wooden hut for you!"

Yorkshire Relish

The surest support to the flagging appetite.

This truly delightful Sauce has been frequently called "The Best half of the Dinner." It proves its claim to that encomium by invariably calling forth the best qualities of the *other* half. Fish, flesh, fowl, or game never taste so delicious as when eaten in conjunction with Yorkshire Relish.

Sold Everywhere, 6d., 1s. and 2s.

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MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

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All communications respecting Advertisements in the "Penny Illustrated Paper" should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, 12, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

THERE are many dainty little accessories to the toilet which it is preferable to have washed at home rather than to expose them to the tender mercies of the average laundress, and a timely hint on the subject is often as good as the proverbial stitch in time which saves nine. White silk handkerchiefs may be washed in a lather made of soap-jelly and water, after which they must be rinsed thoroughly clean in pure water. To add soda to any of the waters would be fatal; and the handkerchiefs must not be washed in the ordinary sense, that is, by rubbing soap upon them, but merely shaken and moved about in the soapy water. After being wrung out, they should be wrapped in a clean cloth and laid aside for a few minutes and then ironed while still damp. Silk materials should never be dried and damped in the ordinary way, as this gives to white silk a yellowish tinge, and has the effect of taking the brilliance out of coloured silk. To wash silk stockings tepid water and white soap should be used, ivory or white Castile is best. Only one stocking should be washed at a time, as it must not remain longer in the water than is actually necessary. Rinse in cold water, wring out, and lay flat on a towel. One towel should accommodate about four stockings; roll up tightly and leave to dry. Afterwards, when thoroughly dry, the gloss may be renewed by rubbing them briskly with a piece of dry flannel. If this treatment is carefully followed the stockings should look almost like new.

To Wash and Iron Silk.

Many of the new cloth gowns are trimmed with cloth in a lighter shade, and white cloth is much in evidence. This not only appears on the coat in the form of collar, revers, vest and cuffs, but is used to outline the tucks and pleats, and simulated panels on the skirt. The favourite sleeve or over-sleeve is undoubtedly the kimono shape, and they are often elaborately trimmed with fancy stitchery or the most gorgeous embroideries, which give an air of richness to the most severe and plain tailor-made gown. One need not pin oneself down to any particular mode in these days; fortunately, one may study one's own particular style, and, with a few judicious adaptations, still be in the van of Dame Fashion. The woman of taste and originality can find full scope for her talents in the art of dressing herself becomingly. It requires a really clever woman to make the best of herself, and many a woman has acquired the reputation of being a beauty, which, as a matter of fact, was due far more to her possession of brains than actual good looks.

Tailor-Made Gowns.

Gorgeous is the word that sums up the latest millinery with its new and brilliant colours, and with half-a-dozen different kinds of flowers grouped on one hat, looking, with its aigrette of long feathery grasses, exactly like the big posy of flowers one might pick in an old-world garden. Feathers are for the moment in the background. This may be due to the fact that they have been extensively worn through the winter, and Madame la Mode is nothing if not fickle. Ribbon, except in the form of streamers, has also a very minor part to play, but flowers, maiden-hair-fern, grasses, lace, and tulle reign supreme. A dainty model in the latest version of the mushroom shape was of grey. It was trimmed with a full frilling around the crown, composed of tulle in a slightly paler tint, which gave a pretty silvery effect. Nestling among the puffs at regular intervals were lovely roses in an exquisite shade of shell-pink, while a full wreath of tiny rosebuds and forget-me-nots was sewn around the brim. Underneath were rosettes of tulle forming a bandeau. A pretty hat, and one simple enough for the home milliner to attempt, is one of the new straws with tam-o'-shanter crown and waved brim. A couple of yards of chiffon, one of which goes around the hat and one of which fills up the interstices of the bandeau, and a wreath of forget-me-nots or banksia roses laid lightly around the hat over the chiffon, is all the trimming required, and the cost is small and therefore tempting.

Latest Millinery.

Plaids and checks of recent wear seem to have given place almost entirely to stripes, and dainty striped voiles, silks, and muslins are putting in an appearance. A striped material is an economy in one way, as trimming may to a large extent be dispensed with. On the other hand, to a woman of moderate dress allowance, a striped material is apt to become rather too well known among her friends and acquaintances; and she herself, with a limited number of gowns to ring changes upon, is likely to tire more quickly of a striped gown than one of plain material. The real success of a striped gown is made or marred by the fashion in which it is cut. In olden days the stripes meandered either a-down the figure or around it, and there was no alternative to either mode. The up-to-date vogue, however, arranges the stripes upon the cross, and breaks them up by means of gores in the most charming and becoming fashion. Skirts, with a seam down the centre, have the stripes coming to a point in front, while the blouse fronts of the bodice are arranged on the same principle. Again, the very way in which the stripes are broken up forms a species of trimming in itself: nothing looking smarter than Vandyck-red strappings of striped material upon itself. Narrow strips of very pale colours alternated with white are most to be recommended for visiting and afternoon-gowns, while broader stripes of more brilliant colour upon a white ground look extremely effective in muslins for picnic, river, and garden parties. A silver-grey and white-striped gown, with just a hint of cerise-coloured silk outlining the elbow-sleeves and the neckband, made a most pleasing picture to the artistic eye, if only by reason of the restrained taste which had forborne to add a touch of colour at the waist, a touch which would have inevitably destroyed the exclusiveness of the style.

Stripes to the Fore.

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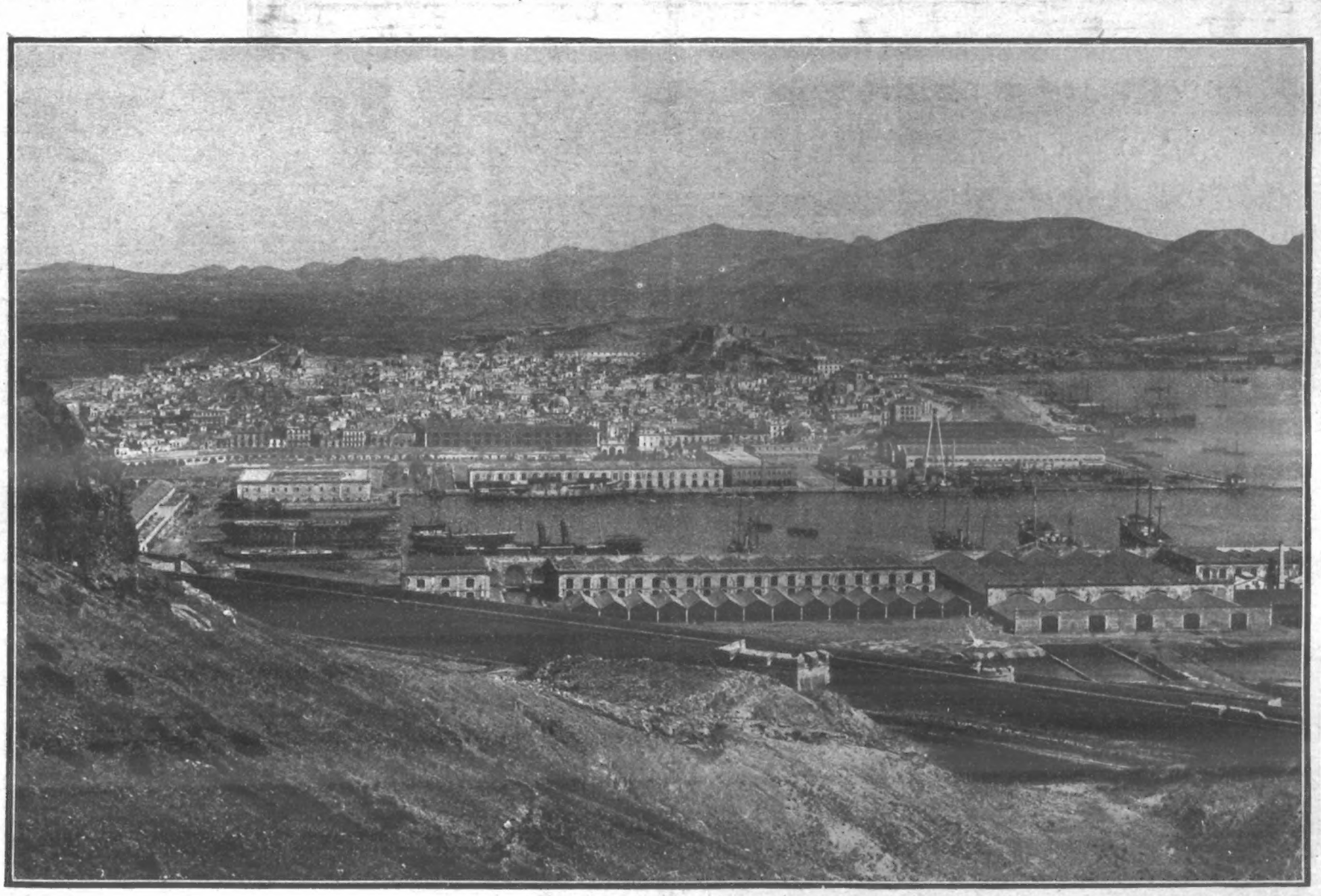
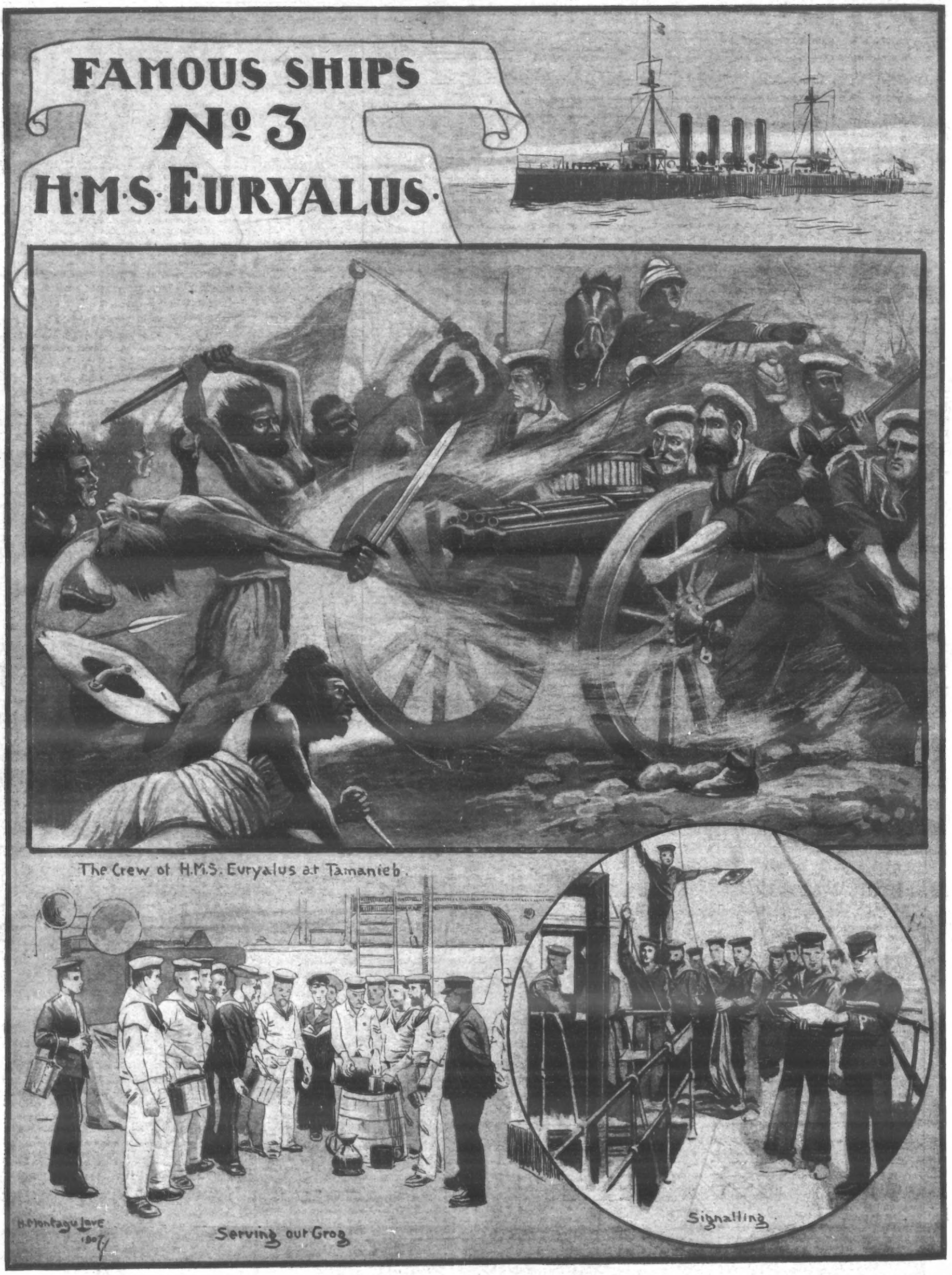
A FASCINATING AND FASHIONABLE COAT FOR MAY.



A MEETING-PLACE OF MONARCHS: CARTAGENA, WHERE KING EDWARD MET KING ALFONSO LAST MONDAY.

The little town of Cartagena was a blaze of flowers, flags, and festoons, and a division of the Spanish Navy was assembled for the meeting.

Photograph by E. N. A.



H.M.S. "EURYALUS."

This fine ship is a twin-screw armoured cruiser, at present the flag-ship of the North American Squadron. Her crew served with great distinction in the Egyptian War of 1884 and 1885, gaining special laurels at Tamanieb. Here it was that the "Fuzzies" broke the English square, and many of the troops, in retiring, got between the bluejackets and their limbers. They stuck to their guns, however, until forced to abandon them from want of ammunition. Eventually they gallantly led the attack and recaptured the guns.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

WHY is it, my readers, that when a man who has suffered confinement breaks loose and runs amok that he is at once dubbed "mad"? Is it probable that this is the case? Is it not more likely that through the months of his imprisonment, during which blue-coated, grim-faced fellowmen have held him in check, his animal spirits, his natural I-am-alive feeling, has been accumulating, and that when it gets a chance of expression it knows no limit?

Take the recent instance of a convict escaping to the roof of the Wormwood Scrubs Prison. What did he do? His one idea seems to have been destruction, and he undoubtedly succeeded in putting that idea into execution, damaging windows and property to the extent of close upon six hundred pounds. Because of that it has been plainly, unhesitatingly stated that he is mad; but it seems to me that the conclusion is a distinctly hasty one. Bear in mind that man, more especially of the lower order, may be classed with the destructive animals. Maybe he only exercises this inheritance in ruining himself; perhaps he uses it to bring about the downfall of other people; but this is certain: rob him of the liberty to do either of these things, keep his destructive genius suppressed for a period, and when it finds vent it will carry all before it, like pent-up waters bursting from a dam.

But why, admitting all this, should the man risk his life? the never-had-trouble man asks. Surely, if he does such a thing, he is mad?

The answer is this: The man is sane enough; the prison laws that have bound him were framed by fair-minded men; but these prison laws still remain—prison laws. What does a horse do when he has been kept in a stable a few days? What does a child do who is taken to an entertainment for the first time? Both lose their heads, and, actually or metaphorically, kick over the traces. Yet is that called madness, either in the child or in the horse? You would laugh at the idea; yet you dub this escaped convict, who fought so hard for five hours of liberty, a madman.

My reader, it is not worthy of you. Sit down quietly and think what you would do under the circumstances, if you can stretch your imagination to such a point. Imagine that for months you have been laid upon a bed of sickness, and that by some miracle you have risen from that bed possessed of all your strength, instead of with that feeling of lassitude which follows the average illness. Perhaps you do not think that you would do anything out of the ordinary, yet I tell you—and I ask pardon for the assertion—that you would be thrown as much off your mental balance as was the convict who, at the risk of his neck, clambered to the roof of Wormwood Scrubs Prison. I do not suggest that you would break windows, or that you would assault the eminently respectable and necessary policeman, for you have been reared to look upon such actions with horror, but you would do something out of the ordinary, a something which, in the natural course of events, does not form a part of your everyday life.

It is really curious how sane people will persist in regarding other sane people as mad. Any little excuse, any so-called eccentricity, and the word has gone forth. The man must be mad! Remember this, however: The average madman—to use the popular word—is mad only on one point, often a very harmless one; and how do we not know, every man and woman of us, that we, too, are not mad in some small and harmless way? Perhaps we collect some perfectly ridiculous thing, perhaps we rave about music that we do not understand, perhaps—this is a common and merciful madness—we consider ourselves to be the superior of nine out of every ten people about us. Perhaps—this is the really general form of madness—we regard ourselves as better than the whole ten out of ten.

My readers, it is beyond the power of you or me to weigh our fellow-creatures in the balance and find them mad or sane. It is as well to leave such matters religiously alone, so that we, the eminently sane in our own estimation, may not be weighed in the balance too and found——

MAN WHO CLAIMS THAT THE BANK OF ENGLAND OWES HIM £1,250,000. Herr Windel, who has just arrived in London, alleges that an ancestor deposited a large sum of money in the Bank of England, which, at compound interest, to-day amounts to £1,250,000.

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Send your attempt on a sheet of paper, together with stamped addressed envelope for reply, to FELLOWS & CO., Grosvenor Buildings, Steelhouse Lane, Birmingham. The winner is required to purchase a Chain from us to wear with Watch. The name of this paper must be mentioned. Prize-winners of last Competition were: MISS E. RYE, Encliffe Farm, Hawkinge, Folkestone; MR. RHYS PUGH, 1, Bryn Awel Terce, Barnouth, N.W.

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The following free offer, made by the largest, and certainly the most enterprising firm in London, in the light of the above remarks, will, we are certain, prove of interest to all *Penny Illustrated Paper* readers.

Which of the great adjuncts to personal appearance and beauty most quickly portrays to our friends and enemies the passing of time? Surely that most beautiful natural gift—the hair. Immediately the hair begins to fade in colour, becomes dull, and, indeed, commences to fall from the head, the face beneath takes on an older look. Not all the brilliancy of rosy cheeks, not all the brightness of the clearest eyes, will count against the tell-tale dull, grey, or falling hair. To those who would preserve their looks and keep the invaluable asset of good appearance, the care of the hair becomes a necessity, and it is in this connection that the free offer is made.

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We conclude the name of Edwards' "Harlene" is known in every household in this kingdom. "Harlene" has proved the one hair tonic and restorer that has earned the confidence of the public. The proprietors of this invaluable preparation have decided to offer free to all readers of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* a special bottle of their wonderful preparation, with directions how to use the same, and thus allow every person to start on a simple course of hair culture without any cost. The special bottle of "Harlene" will be sent to any part of the world to all those sending name and address to Edwards' Harlene Company, 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, and enclosing three penny stamps to defray cost of postage (foreign stamps accepted), and mentioning name of this paper. If called for, no charge whatever will be made. This unique opportunity of testing a hair tonic that has earned the praise of all classes, from Royalty downwards, should be taken advantage of by all those who appreciate the value of beautiful, bright, healthy hair.

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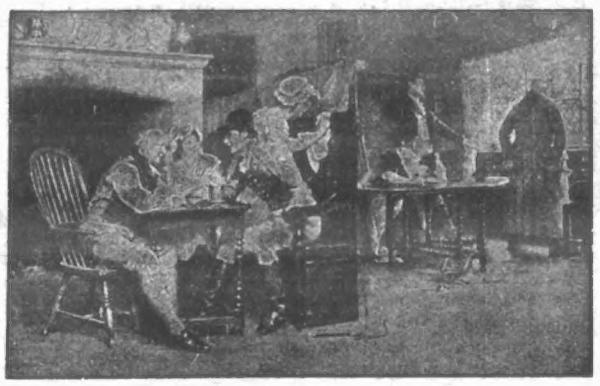

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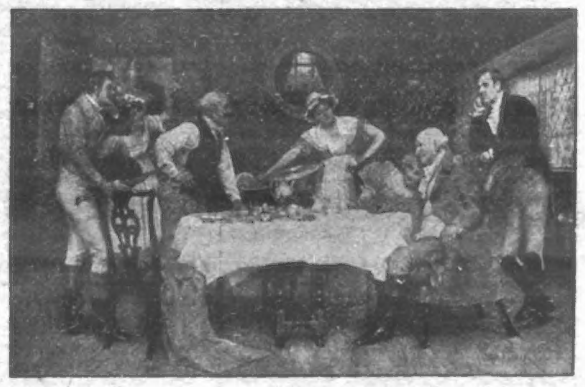

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LONDON: Published Weekly at the Office, 172, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., 172, Strand, aforesaid; and Printed by THE LONDON COLOUR PRINTING COMPANY, LTD., Exmoor Street, North Kensington, London, W., Saturday, April 13, 1907.